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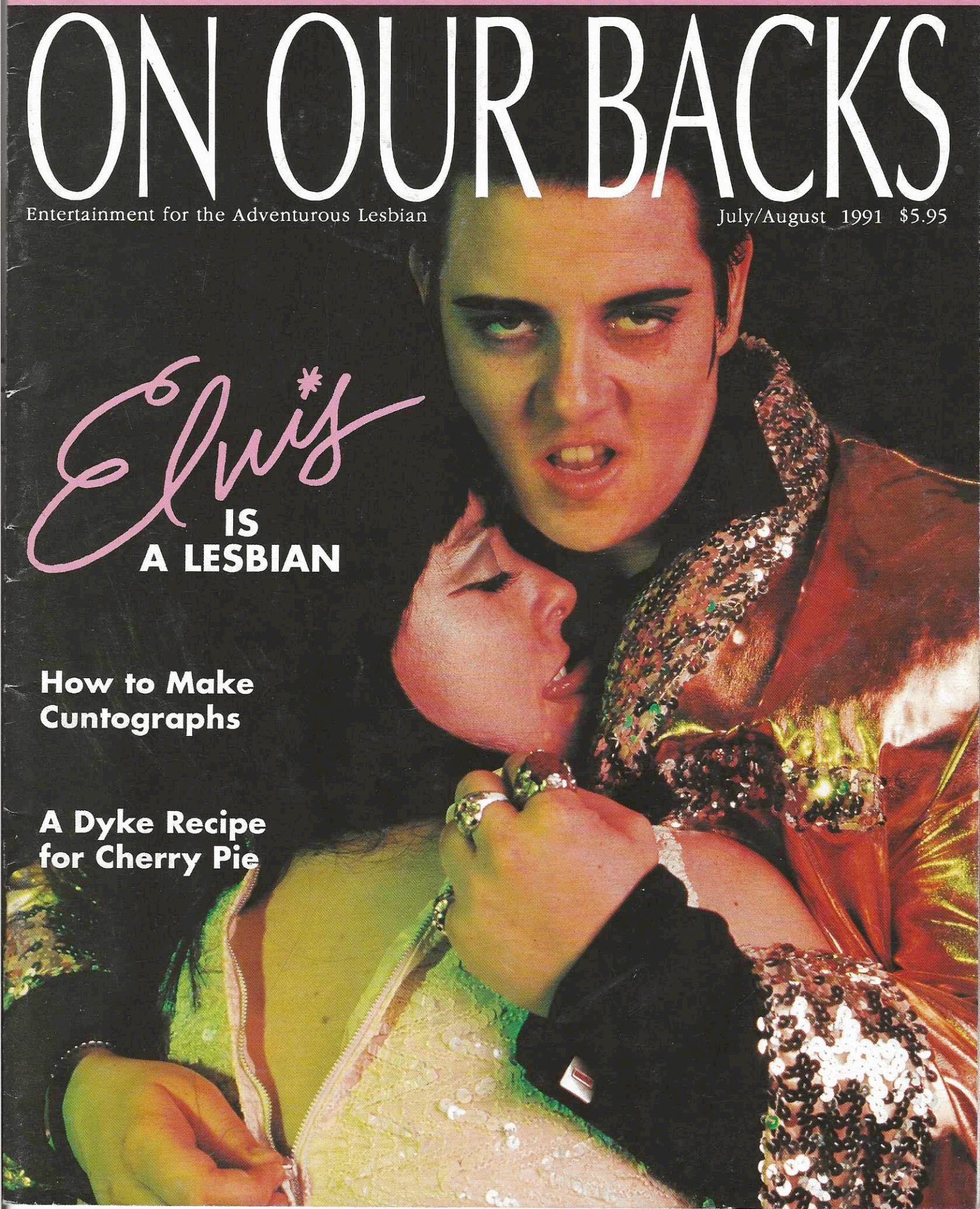

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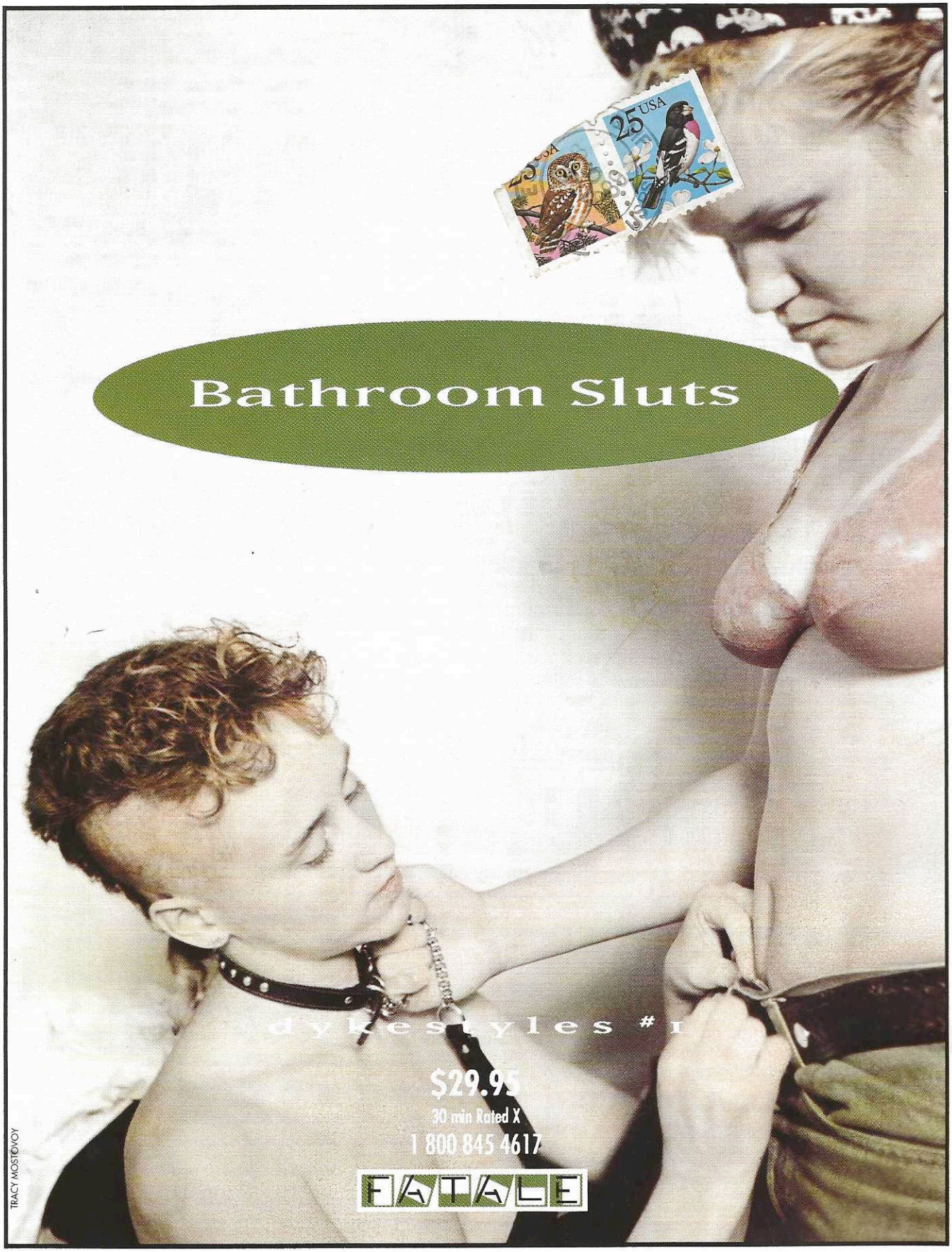

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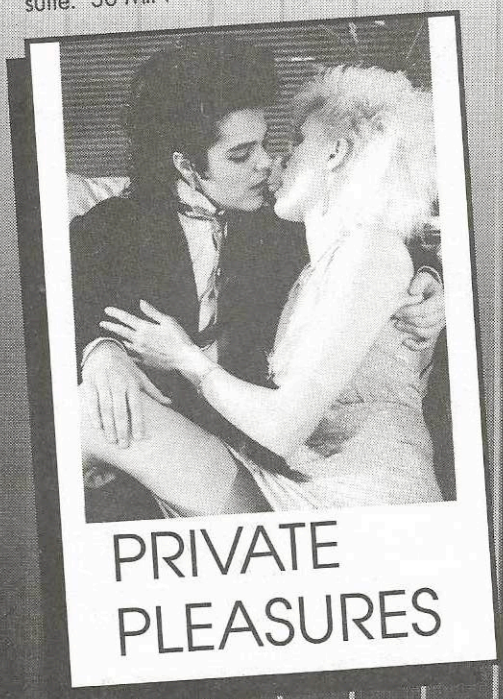

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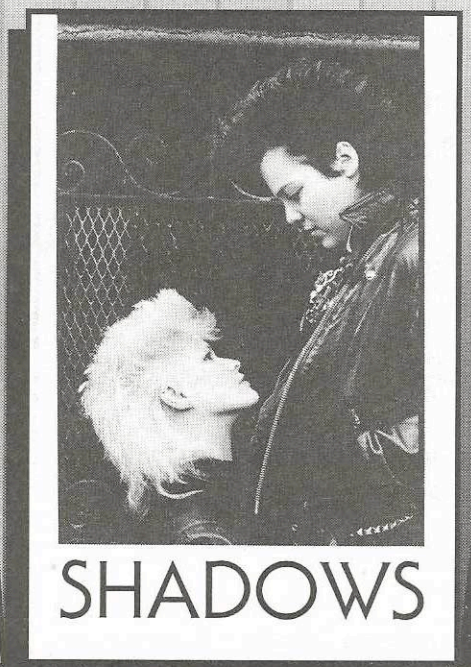

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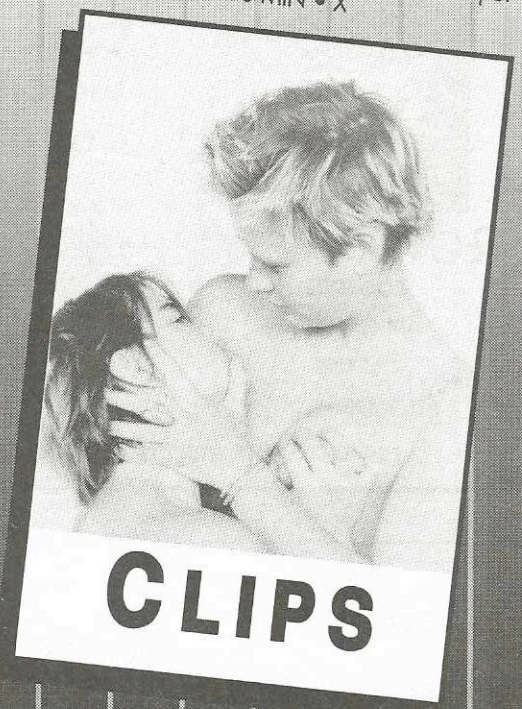

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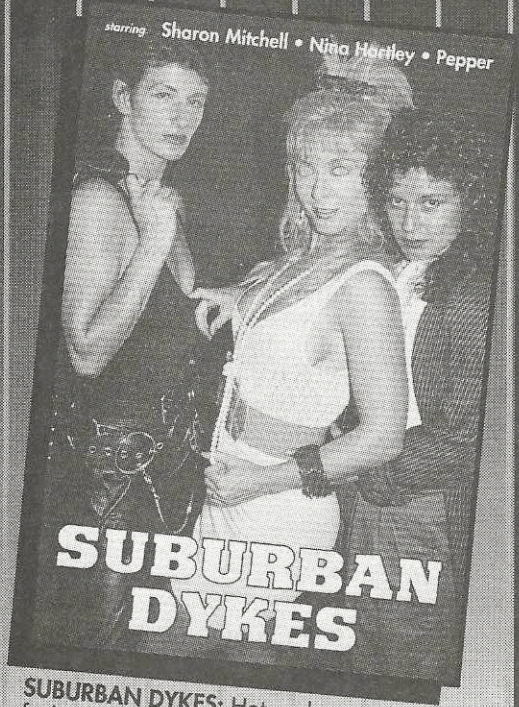

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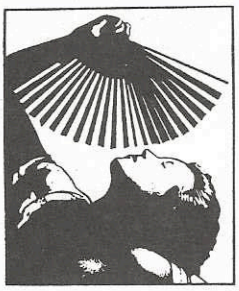

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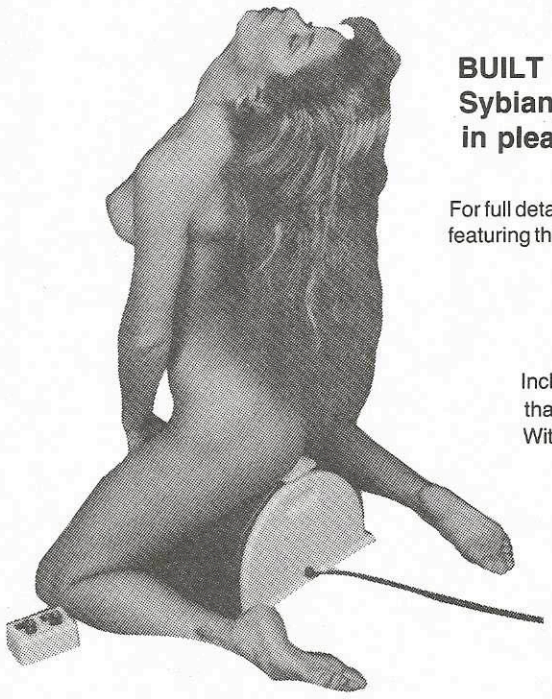

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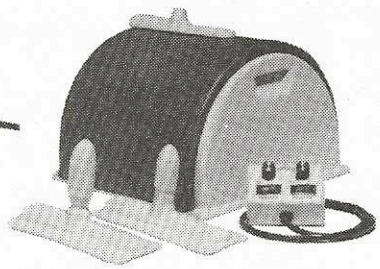

ON OUR BACKS

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INSIDE
ON OUR BACKS
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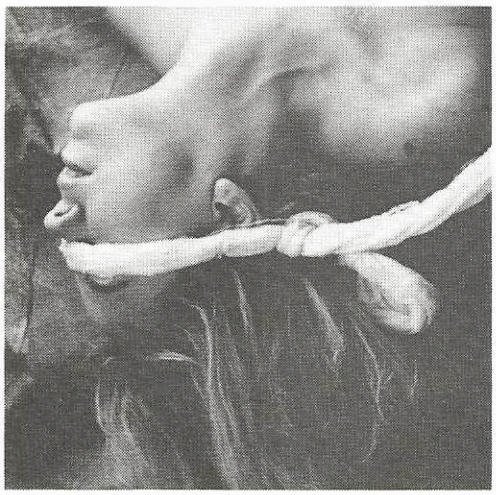
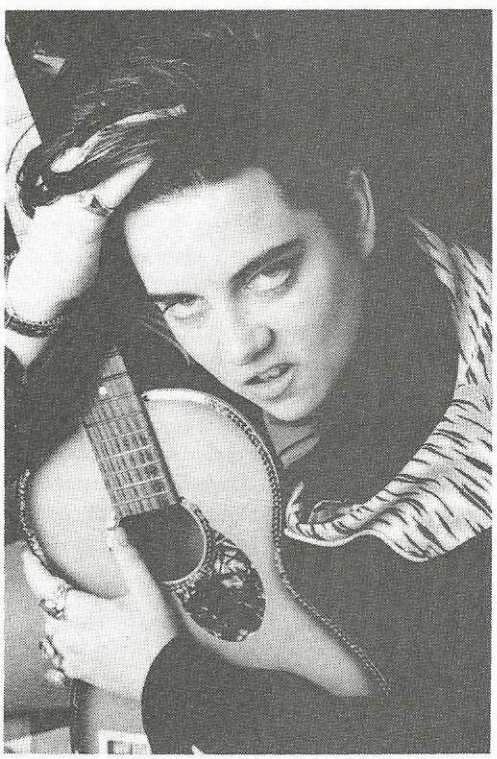


A Decade of Denial: Lesbians and HIV, Page 20



cover Leigh Crow is Elvis Herselvis
Photographed by Phyllis Christopher
More photos, page 23.

columns

5 **LETTERS TO THE EDITOR**

9 **ASK FANNY . . .** Fanny Fatale
Butch Fag in Drag

10 **TOYS FOR US . . .** Susie Bright
College Confidential

12 **SEXTRACTS . . .** Greta Christina
Lesbian News From All Over

15 **SEXPOINT . . .** Jenny Wrenn
The Art of Cuntography

36 **REVIEWS**

features and fiction

20 **A DECADE OF DENIAL: LESBIANS AND HIV . . .** Risa Denenberg
The Realities of High Risk in the Age of AIDS

28 **ARIZONA'S MOST WANTED . . .** Mickey Warnock
Handcuffed and Strip Searched!

30 **THE SHOWER . . .** Anna Conchita Senos
Washing Away Inhibition

pictures

16 **CHERRY PIE . . .** Bonnie Daley
The Recipe for Love

23 **ELVIS HERSELVIS . . .** Phyllis Christopher
The Drag King Lives!

33 **FINGERED . . .** Schuyler Pescada
A Sex Thriller

4 **CONTRIBUTORS**

48 **PERSONAL CLASSIFIEDS**

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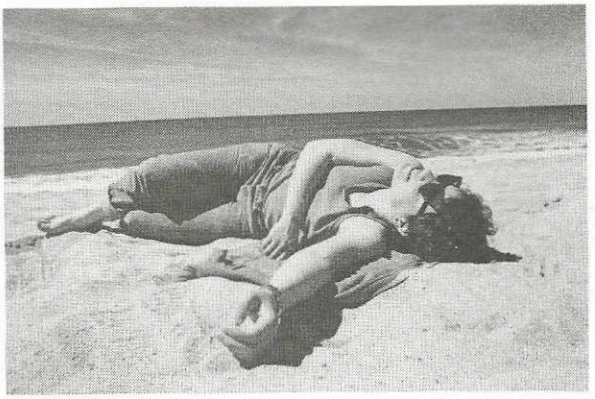
Bonnie Daley on nouvelle cuisine: "Treats from the kitchen make my mouth water and my heart melt. Oral pleasures are many in my house. I've got a girl who likes to please my appetite."



Bonnie Daley perfects her tan lines.

Anna Conchita Senos is the alter ego of one of New York's foremost unknown lesbian writers. She enjoys taking long walks, gawking at beautiful women, and leaping tall buildings in a single bound.

Wickie Stamps is a 41-year-old lesbian sadomasochistic transvestite communist writer who is exploring work in the sex industry. Her personal life, which includes one cantankerous motorcycle, a smartass partner, and two lizards, is as murky as her aforementioned identity.

"Now that I'm finally free (read: single) it's time to settle back with my friend (read: typewriter). Let me entertain you as I have before. Yes, I'm back," says **Mickey Warnock.**

Jenny Wrenn, co-owner of Clothespin Fever Press, has been involved in erotic photography for years. She won an award in 1981 for the cuntographs titled "Removing Your Underwear" entered in the International Photographic Exhibition at James Madison University.

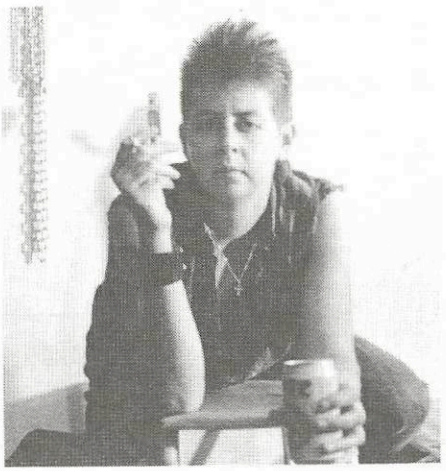
Natashia is a Chicana dyke, poet, and student at the University of California, Berkeley. "I'm a MULTI-ORGASMIC, G-SPOT girl. (Yes, it makes me feel special.) I love to watch myself squirt all over my lover!

Cyn is a strong Black studly butch with an interesting story to tell. "I've fought many WILD FIRES, but I also like to start a few of my own!"

This week **Annie Sprinkle** enjoys firebreathing, crying, and ejaculating while having extended multiple orgasms during menstruation. Next week, who knows? Her motto: "Let there be pleasure on earth and let it begin with me."

Photographer **Lorene Warwick** has exhibited her work at a number of San Francisco galleries including Cameraworks and Modernology. She specializes in a unique form of portraiture that captures the way people relate to and ultimately shape their living environments.

Risa Denenberg is a nurse practitioner who works in an HIV clinic in the South Bronx, and a volunteer women's health provider at the Community Health Project, a gay and lesbian clinic in Manhattan. Her critical essays have appeared in a number of publications including *Women, AIDS & Activism,* a collection of writings about women and AIDS. Risa also writes a monthly lesbian health column in *OutWeek.*



Jacki Randall: Queen of Vice

Merle Knight is a private investigator from southern California, reads 16 languages including Portuguese, Chinese, and Vietnamese, and enjoys driving women wild.

Having survived 1990, **Jacki Randall** is happy to have escaped middle Amerika and made it to San Francisco, where she rides through the fog with her partner Robin.

FEMALE-TO-MALE FANFARE . . . .

I am a lesbian, years away from the times I would awaken to find myself repulsed and being mounted by some humping, red-faced male thing. Yet Mickey, the FTM transsexual in Marcy Sheiner's article *Some Girls Will Be Boys* (March/April 91), seems much less alien than men born to their gender. Their culture, not their flesh, is what makes them so strange. How could I feel alienated by a man who understands what it is to walk past a group of men on the street, as a woman?

Also, I can't think why women should object to his bite-size penis. It strikes me as ideally suited to love. I have often wondered what one would feel like inside my mouth—without the threat of being choked. As for other types of penetration, a dildo seems the preferred tool anyway. After all, a dyke with a dildo is in the business of pleasuring you, not snorting her way to orgasm at your most vulnerable moments. Mickey would know all about that. I'm sorry that the women in the lesbian bars ignored him, and I hope he realizes that the world is full of women who find him attractive.

Name and Address Withheld

ANNIE SPRINKLE

I found it most interesting that in my first issue of *On Our Backs* the subject of several letters and a feature article was female-to-male transsexuals. *Some Girls Will Be Boys* claimed that 25% of the "new" men were gay. I am on the opposite side of the spectrum. I am a male-to-female lesbian. I had my corrective surgery by Dr. Stanley Biber in 1983.

I've been in the hospital now for 1,017 days because on July 8, 1988 I survived an assassination attack when I ran for public office openly as a lesbian transsexual. Prior to my attack I gave lectures on human sexuality at the University of Hawaii at Hilo, and also for various other organizations.

I've often been asked "Doesn't it make more sense to remain a man if you want to be with women?" That is heterosexual thinking, not homosexual thinking. I'm sure many of the FTMs have had similar questions asked of them.

We are born hetero-gendered or homo-gendered. I was born female homo-gendered, in a male body. Thus, before I had corrective surgery, I related to other females, and society considered me heterosexual. Now that I've had corrective surgery, I still relate to other females but society considers me homosexual. However, my gender orientation has not changed. I've always been female homo-gendered.

Diana S. Holmes
Hilo, Hawaii

STARS, STRIPES, AND SEX CHANGES . . .

Marcy Sheiner's article on female-to-male transsexuals was eye-opening. I have recently met a few women going through these changes and am powerfully affected by the various questions and ambiguities. When a dyke I like and respect becomes a straight man, doesn't she become a likeable, respected straight man? At what point does "she" cross that invisible line to being a "he" who can no longer attend women only groups and events?

I want my women-only space, but I also don't want to exclude these people from my community. The article was great for breaking down stereotypes, politically correct dogma, and opening minds—exercise we all desperately need.

Congratulations on the Donna Jackson photos, too. I think patriotism is a crock of shit in Bush's Amerikkka, but seeing a cute, grinning, fat butch dyke with glasses on your cover was truly a first! Real people are real turn-ons! *On Our Backs* is seriously lacking in bellies and thighs most of the time, so all you fun-lovin' fat girls, strap on your miniskirts and boots and send in your pictures to this magazine! I want to see them!

F. Fish
San Francisco, CA
(more letters on page 7)

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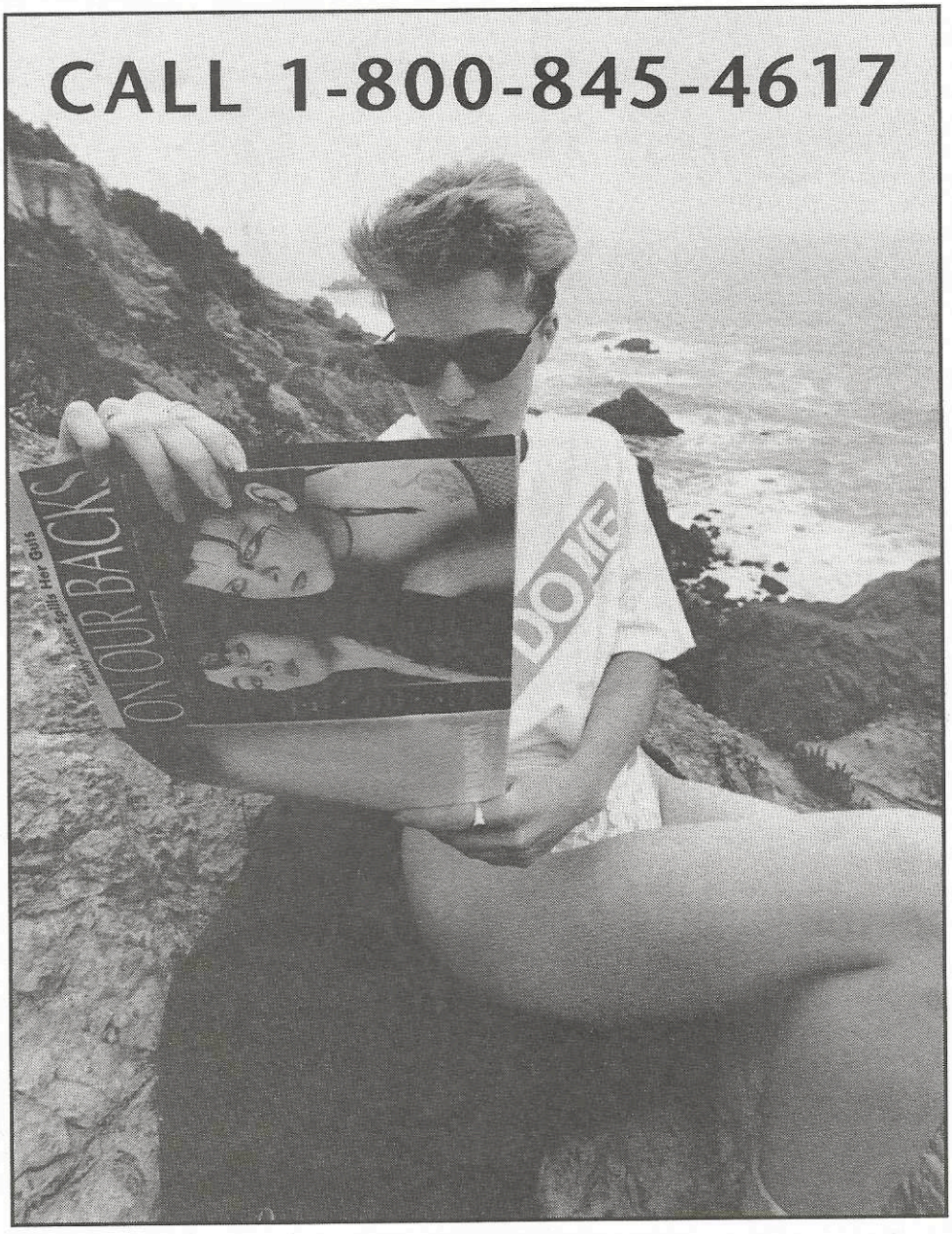

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TOTAL TURN OFF . . . . . .

I love sex but the March/April issue completely turned me off. Please do the same to my subscription. The combination of golden showers in the story "April Showers" and the photos of Donna Jackson out of uniform put me back On My Feet for a week.

Ann Rostow
San Francisco, CA

OH, THOSE CATHOLIC GIRLS . . . .

Diviana Ingravallo surely knows that what she and her girlfriend were doing in "Ex-Catholics Do It Better" (January/February 91) was reclaiming an altar to its original religious purpose! But a woman's orgasm on a Christian altar? Ms. Ingravallo, that *is* the way to become a saint...just not a Christian saint! The only thing more fitting would be holding cunnilingus classes for Novices in a mosque! The Prophet isn't the only one who gets lifted to heaven.

T. Pace
Boynton Beach, FL

BUTCH BUN BUSTERS . . . . . .

The letter from Romey Smith (January/February 91) really split the hide and salted it for me. I even had to use my free sample of Tucks! "I am a butch and the last thing in the world I'd want to do is bend over for another butch!" says Ms. Smith. It's people like you, Romey, who promote the myth that because butches look a certain way, they have to have sex a certain way. I would love to bend over and give you some Daddy, but when you're done I expect to see you on all fours so I can do some cobweb bustin'! This is give and take.

In the same issue is a letter from Sun Moon. She was totally freaked out about an illustration that showed a knife against a woman's clit ("A Bump in the Night," September/October 90). "I cannot rationalize such graphics!" Sun says. Yes, I believe that art can cause confusion is weak minds. So run—don't walk—to your nearest Hallmark store and pick up a copy of The Archies. I'm sure Betty will appeal to you.

D.K. Brown
Springfield, IL

EXTRA! EXTRA! LESBIANS READ MAGAZINES!

I am offended that there are so few magazines for lesbians! For example, *The Advocate,* which is a "Gay and Lesbian" publication, occasionally has only one (count it!) personal ad of the female gender. There are no ads for real lesbian videos or ads for lesbian phone sex lines. Consequently, I don't participate in phone sex or order many videos. It is so refreshing to see that *On Our Backs* is for women and the ads reflect it.

It's about time lesbian women had a magazine like *On Our Backs* that provides news, erotica, and personals! Not to mention great pieces like Stud Edda's "Packin' It" (March/April 91). Keep up the good work.

Joyce B. Smith, M.A.
Seattle, WA

SPREAD YOUR LEGS FOR DADDY . . .

First I want to thank Ann Wertheim for writing the story "Daddy's Girl" (March/April 91). It is completely hot—it's the first story in *On Our Backs* that hasn't left me dry. It's rare that I can make it through a sex story without falling asleep or cringing at the way it's written. Ms. Wertheim gives me the chance to be a voyeur into one of my favorite activities. As soon as I brought it home I called my girlfriend and read it to her. The only problem was that I didn't write it—but I'm glad that somebody did.

Secondly, I hope the next time you receive a controversial piece of fiction you won't need to process the issue to death or use disclaimers when printing it. Wasn't that the purpose of Marcy Sheiner's *Sexpoint* article "The Daddy Closet"? However, if sitting around the office processing through, "Is it okay to print something like this?" is what it takes to get such hot material printed, I'm glad it happened and that *On Our Backs* decided to go for it despite the fear. I hope this opens the floodgates for writers who have considered themselves too "something" (kinky, weird, whatever) to submit their work. I also hope that your magazine decides to keep printing it.

Susan Forrest
San Francisco, CA

ADVENTURES IN ECSTASY . . . . .

I just wanted to express my gratitude for your ingenuity in the publication world. A dazzling achievement, considering this tight-lipped nation of ours. I'm ecstatic to discover (post exiting the proverbial closet) honeys with hearts in the same place as mine—especially since I come from this country's most "liberal" and "politically correct" midwestern metropolis.

Miss Liss
Madison, WI

"After all, a dyke with a dildo is in the business of pleasuring you, not snorting her way to orgasm..."

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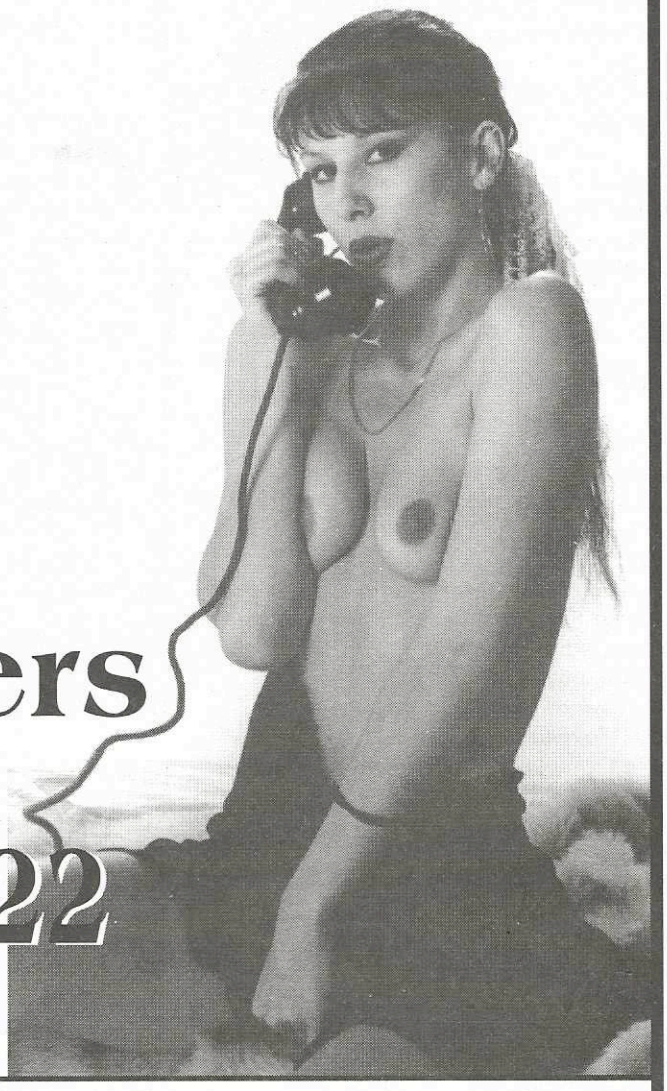

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NUN FANTASTIC

Dear Fanny: I'm a lesbian. I've known this for a long time, but just came out two years ago. I'm also an incest victim. I was married for one week. I never felt what love should feel like. It was always pain. Five years ago, I was told I had multiple sclerosis. I lost feeling in my pussy and inside. But in the past three weeks, I got an eager beaver. After trying four times with nothing, the fifth time I was in heaven. Five orgasms in half an hour. It was beautiful. I fantasize about two people and for some reason I feel guilty about this. I'm very lonesome and want very much to have someone to love. I love oral sex and would love to have someone in my life to give to and receive it back. The two women I fantasize about are a nun and a homemaker who is a great hugger. Am I wrong to fantasize about them even knowing nothing will come of either?

—Lonesome Lover

Dear L.L.: *You are doing nothing wrong in fantasizing about these women and please don't feel guilty about your sexual thoughts. Once you let your repressed fantasies out, it can be shocking. Just go with the flow. Fantasies are the product of our imagination and not necessarily how we feel or would act in real life. They will not secretly control our behavior in some inappropriate way. They are your private thoughts and feelings and you have a right to them.*

Fantasies are the life blood of sex. Because the power of fantasy to arouse is tremendous, they are often the most successful tool used in breaking through that non-orgasmic barrier. Lovers, couples, and singles can all benefit by fantasizing. It is not just some temporary safety net for the lonely or ill.

The fact that you are able to have orgasms again after your traumatic experience with incest is wonderful and exciting news. Masturbating can be about self-love and healing, and it is essential you give yourself lots of that now. Sex with yourself helps maintain a confident body image and sexual desirability in the face of a debilitating disease. Don't let guilt sabotage all the good food that fantasies and masturbation have to offer.

I also agree that fantasizing about the nun and the homemaker doesn't mean that these are good picks for a relationship. I encourage you to get out and meet some lesbians at a social function, through the personals, a support group, or a political or cultural organization.

". . .GENDERBENDING IS AS MALLEABLE AS MR. POTATO HEAD."

MADEUP BUTCH

Dear Fanny: I hear about femme tops and butch bottoms or butch daddies, and I know what all these mean. I never believed in labels, but I'm wondering if you had a label for me, what would you call it? When I put on make-up, I feel like a gay femme male. But I look like a Marilyn Monroe type. And I hate makeup.

—Label in Limbo

Dear In Limbo: *You are a butch fag in drag: a butch in drag who feels like a gay man in drag. Do you walk in high heels like a butch—cowboy style—or have you perfected the feminine art of graceful ease in heels? What makes you a butch fag in drag instead of simply a butch in drag is your response to the accoutrements of femininity. Makeup, for instance, makes you identify all the more strongly with masculinity to the point where you feel like a man in drag. A butch in drag, on the other hand, has the opposite reaction. She feels feminine and likes it.*

Incidentally, being butch doesn't mean you look and act like Ally Oop the caveman. Some butches look like female sex goddesses. Those with a trained eye and ear, however, can discern the nuances of butch behavior in these on-the-surface femmes and they are not fooled.

Getting your identity down is only half the picture. You must also determine who you are attracted to. For instance, she could be a femme top who looks and feels feminine but acts aggressively; a butch bottom, a woman who looks and acts masculine but is sexually passive; or perhaps a butch daddy who has a gentle yet all powerful manner. There are also femmes butched-out in drag, butches femmed-out in drag, and plain old sexually aggressive butches. How about gay men in drag or gay men not in drag? You can be attracted to all or one or something else entirely.

Confusing? Only at first. Those connoisseurs of genderbending delight in this fascinating Alice in Wonderland world. Like a house of mirrors, labels become ambiguous and unusable. Genderbending is as malleable as a Mr. Potato Head. All we can do is enjoy our creation and discover what other pieces may fit together to form yet another piece of our image of ourselvess our sexual identities, and attractions. Which creation is real or not simply depends on what we make of it.

Send your queries to: Ask Fanny, 526 Castro St., San Francisco, CA 94114.

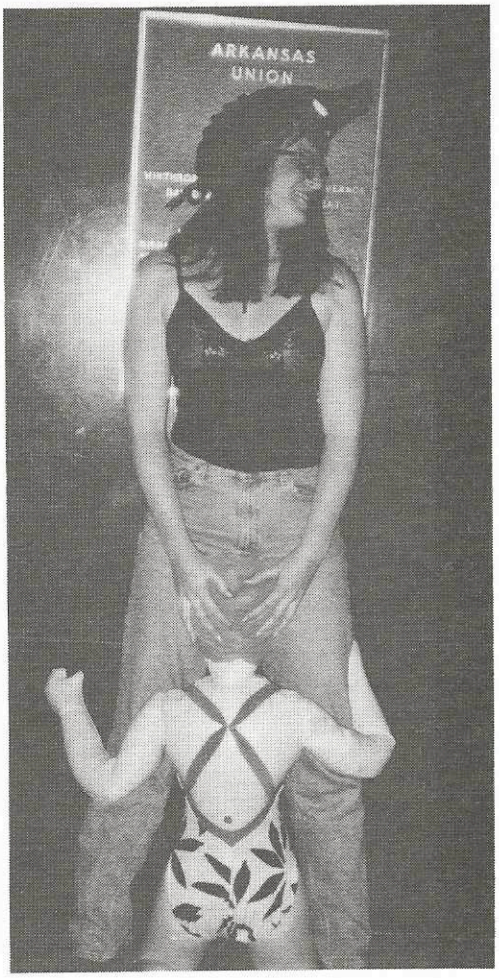
College Confidential

So what if I didn't go to the senior prom. I've been Miss Condom Congeniality for two years running at the University of California, Berkeley—a college I never even attended. I've been rushed by more lesbian sorority sisters than you could shake a magic wand at! Over the past seven years I've been invited to campuses around the country to speak on topics like safe sex, lesbian erotica, and pornography—much to the consternation of the homophobic right wing, the sexophobic lesbian left wing, and to the delight of inhibition-weary undergraduates.

Being eaten out is not a Harlequin romance.

"I just can't believe I'm hearing the word pussy on a University of Arkansas podium," said one student who was particularly moved by my talk on "Censorship, Sex & the Queer Renaissance." Well, I can't believe I'm saying various p-words either, on college campuses from the Ivy League to the Pac-10. I can't believe that there is a gay and lesbian student union at every institution of higher learning worth mentioning. What's going on? I call it Revenge of the Lesbian Coeds. We've come a long way since Nancy Reagan bumped into an avowed lesbian during her years at Smith College. (Can one be an avowed homosexual and yet still be spared outing by Kitty Kelley?)

When I graduated from college in 81, I had witnessed the fierce struggle of women's studies courses to survive in universities across the country. Little fundamentalist spies would sign up for a class, say, "Women's Bodies," and then run to the local newspaper to report the horrifying news that taxpayers' dollars were being used for slideshows of women's cunts. Campus women's centers were accused of operating as lesbian recruiting offices. Hey, could we help it if the most charismatic women on campus found each other attractive at otherwise boring affirmative action meetings?



All dolled up for a cunt-licking seminar

Thanks to instructor Betty Brooks and her "Women's Bodies" class, I got an assignment to enter a porn store, examine the merchandise, and report on it. I started out with the attitude that I would rather die—perhaps I would die!—than step foot in a porn store. I ended up realizing that the world of pornography was just one more "boys only" club that needed some honest scrutiny.

I learned about the invisibility of women's history when Dr. Sherna Aluck taught female undergrads the basic techniques of recording and analyzing women's oral history through four generations. When we started the project, we all whined that we didn't know any women over 60 to interview besides our grandmas. When we finished, we were all amazed at the wealth of unspoken herstory we'd uncovered.

Now not all of my instructors were lesbians. In fact it was almost *de riguer* to make sure that the head of any women's studies department had a wedding band on her finger. Already the fear of a witchhunt was there.

The witchhunts ravaged women's studies departments, such as mine at Long Beach, but they didn't ravage the movement that overhauled academic life, feminism, and gay liberation. Lesbian profs are out of the closet now. Their work is published not only in academic journals but in the best critical and controversial publications in the gay press. Their students adore them, as well as a generation of dykes who expect sexual politics and revolution to be a righteous part of any decent liberal arts education.

It's no secret that traditional academicians are outraged that women's, gay, and ethnic studies are so prominent in today's college course material. How dare we be reading Zora Neale Hurston instead of Plato? Sometimes their outrage alarms me, too. I warily admit I don't know the first thing about Napolean, nor can I recite any of the presidents between Lincoln and FDR. I know the black history of the United States, women's role in the evolution of American politics, and the history of the gay movement in pre-Nazi Germany. I am fortunate and grateful to have such an education. I'll get around to those presidents someday.

Since the 80s, gay college life has also been an alternative to gay bar life. The gay and lesbian student union is a friendly

SUSIE BRIGHT

place to meet girls when you're under 21 and your fake ID wouldn't fool a blind goat. Of course, there's a strict gay dress code no matter where you cruise. At the height of my college cruising, I was attending Take Back the Night meetings dressed in Mr. Greenjeans overalls, Birkenstocks, and a bowl haircut that made me look like I'd just been released from a bad foster home. There is nothing more pitiful to look at than a closeted femme. Nowadays when I visit college campuses I have a chance to rectify my fashion image while I speak on "Seven Years of Lesbian Sex at *On Our Backs*" or "Safe Sex 4 Sex Maniacs."

Thinking of becoming a queer coed anytime soon? Take your Big Sissy's advice:

Do take every gay, feminist, and alternative cirriculum class you can. You can't avoid White Male Civilization but you can at least take advantage of their guilt.

Do join the campus gay group and insist that they do fun, relevant, and controversial events, like inviting Susie Sexpert!

Don't be a closet case and sit alone in your room fretting about your parents.

Do come out to your family in your frosh year—they can have their trauma while you're a sophomore and be wearing pink triangles by the time you graduate.

Don't go to bed with your favorite gay teacher. Of course, you're attracted to each other. Of course, we're all in this queer movement together. But you're a long way from being peers in the power structure. Cool your jets.

Exception to Above Rule for Grad Students: Oh, what the hell. Go for it.

Do have one absolutely unique black leather jacket and one pair of cowboy and combat boots each.

Do learn from my painful example. Get your hair cut by a professional.

• • •

Finally some Big News...I have left my position as editor of *On Our Backs* to pursue full-time writing and more creative mommying. There are a lot of projects I've wanted to take up, like writing a book on porn, creating more "How to Read a Dirty Movie" shows, and addressing different sexual and political subjects that I will now have the time to get cooking. Not to mention plans for my daughter Aretha's first birthday party.

It's very difficult to leave *On Our Backs* after seven years, but I'm looking forward to the unexpected. I wish I could kiss every woman on the clit who ever wrote or inspired me to speak out in "Toys For Us" and in all my work at *On Our Backs*. Thank you...and don't ever stop. Δ

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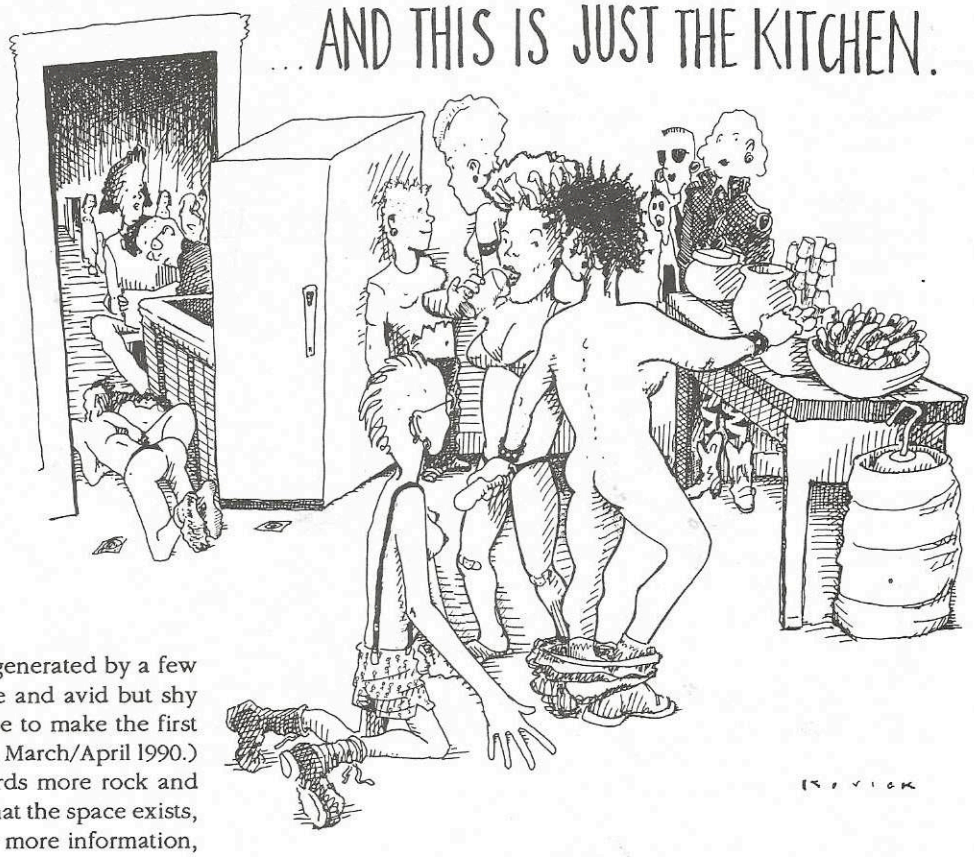
Come On In, The Water's Fine



Have you been driving your friends to distraction by whining about how long it's been since you've gotten laid? Well, if you're in the **San Francisco** area, you can shove your excuses back in the closet where they belong. **Klitz**, a **public sex party** for women, is opening its doors to all comers.

Klitz, which was started in March of this year, is open to all women over 21 who want to flirt, play, lick, spank, fuck, or just watch the action. The party happens once a week and is the first event of its kind to be available to any and all women-lusting-women rather than a select guest list. The five to ten dollar donation (sliding scale, of course—what else would you expect from dykes?) provides visitors with beverages, finger food, music, dirty movies, occasional live shows, and of course, dozens of other women there for the same wild thing. As of this writing, most of the action has been generated by a few eager exhibitionist sluts, observed by a large and avid but shy audience of women waiting for someone else to make the first move. (A bit like lesbian sheep; see *Sextracts,* March/April 1990.) However, the momentum is definitely towards more rock and less talk, and most partygoers are delighted that the space exists, even if all they do is sip soda and watch. For more information, call the Klitz, Hotline (415) 864-1543.

What Do They Really Want?

We often assume that the battle for queer liberation faces massive opposition by mainstream straight society. But militant queer activists and ring-wing homophobes may both be in for a surprise. A recent survey by the **Human Rights Campaign Fund** reveals that the vast majority of Americans actually support basic **civil rights** for gays and lesbians.

The survey, which was released in April of this year, shows that 80% of all Americans believe that queers should have equal rights for jobs; 81% believe that we shouldn't be kicked out of the military if our sexual preference is discovered; and 65% oppose the current military policy of refusing to hire us in the first place. Perhaps even more impressive was the breakdown of who does and doesn't support us. While acceptance of gay, lesbian, and bisexual rights did vary with such factors as age, race, income, education, religion, geographical location, political affiliation, and marital status, at least 60% of every demographic group favored equal rights for queers; the only groups that fell below 70% were high-school dropouts and self-identified conservatives.

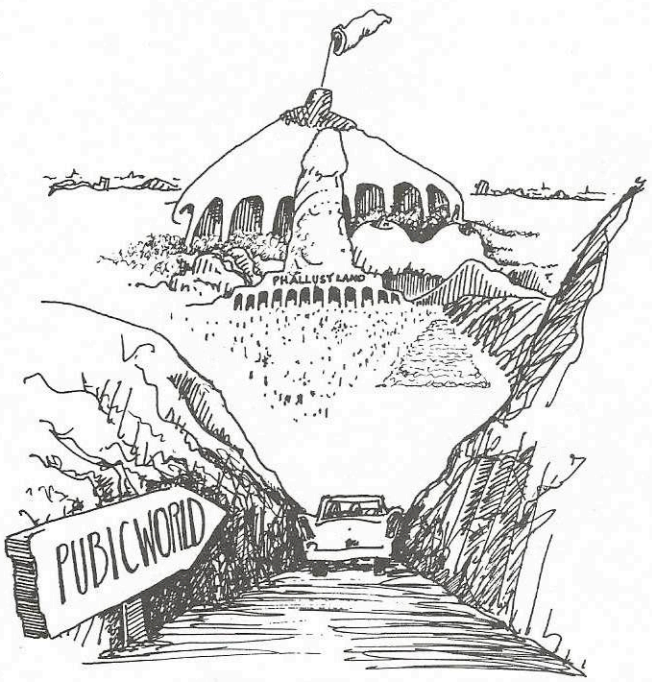
These results are even more interesting in light of a recent **Harris Poll**, which showed that 57% of all Americans oppose "prohibiting federal grants to artists whose works of art portray images of questionable morality and taste, even if this means censoring art." It seems that there may be more free-thinking radical lefty pinko perverts out there than we thought. Now, if we could just get them all to write their Congressperson...

The Horniest Place In The World

Government bureaucracies can really be hard on the entrepreneurial spirit. **Mace and Peggy Knapp**, a prison psychologist and a women's prison warden in **Nevada**, have been under fire for their plans to open and operate a sex theme park.

Saying the were "disappointed at how sleazy [Nevada brothels] were," Mace Knapp had outlined a proposal to build a **sexual amusement park** called the **Bonanza Mining Camp**. He pictures the establishment as an Old West gold-rush sex fantasy town featuring a saloon, dance hall, and general store, with the starring attraction being the **Shaft House Brothel**. "We [in Nevada] have the only legalized prostitution in the United States," he explained. "I just want to turn it into more of a Middle America type of operation, an adult-fantasy **Disneyland** of the future."

Unfortunately for the Knapps, those nitpicky policy makers at the Nevada prison system prohibit employees from engaging in "inappropriate outside employment," a category that obviously includes developing a sexual Disneyland. Mace has been transferred from his position, and Peggy was fired from hers. Hopefully, these complications won't deter the Knapps and other visionaries like them from realizing their ambitions. We might even have a sex theme park of our own someday—an ancient Greek girls' academy à la Sappho, perhaps? All you horny classic literature majors might find gainful employment at last.



LESBIAN ASTRONAUTS DEMONSTRATE DILDONICS, THE ABILITY TO HAVE SEX WITH SOMEONE IN A SPACE SUIT AT ZERO GRAVITY

Mars Needs Lesbians!

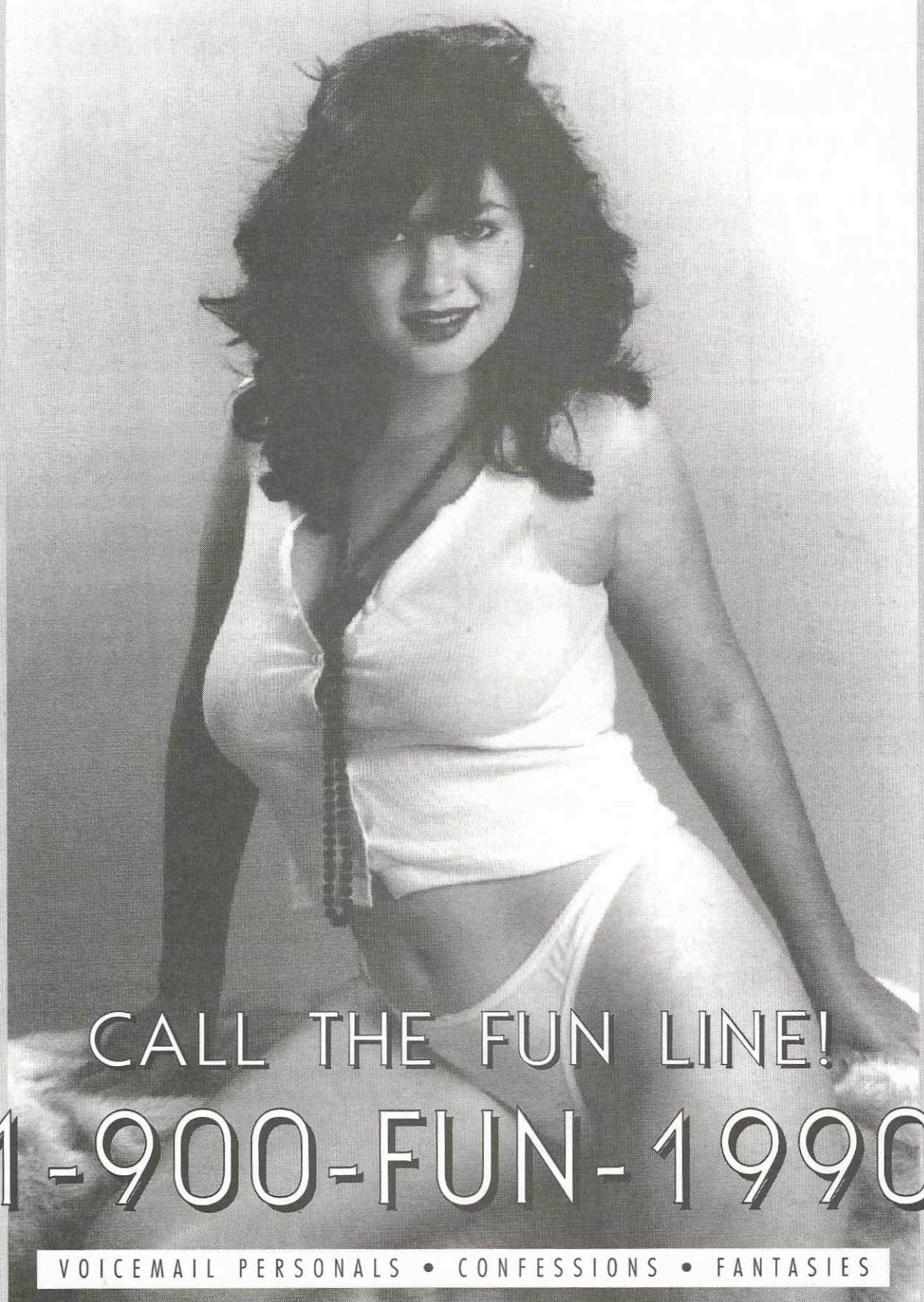
Have you ever wanted to become a roving spacewoman and discover a planet of lust-crazed lesbian sex goddesses? Well, if one prissy spoilsport has his way, you may never get the chance. According to former astronaut **Michael Collins**, gay men and lesbians should not be allowed on space missions to Mars because of the effect they might have on straight crew members.

In his recently published book, ***Mission to Mars***, Collins argued that, although there would almost certainly be "highly qualified homosexual candidates" for a Martian voyage, "enough interpersonal problems will develop among a totally heterosexual crew, and introducing an element of homosexuality could only serve to make matters worse." He went on to say, "I guess the same principle applies to lesbians." (In case you're not up on your space trivia, Collins was the guy who had to mind the capsule while Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin did their crazy moon walk thing in 1969. Sounds like an inferiority complex to us.) And although most space scientists have expressed disapproval of Collins' space-cadet logic, **NASA** has persistently refused to disavow his statement.

It seems that protecting the virile purity of our straight male astronauts from the polluting desires of leering faggot spacemen is one of the space program's top priorities. So why don't they just send dykes up there? Heck, we're experts at dealing with interpersonal problems and just think of the fun we could have in zero gravity.

Sextracts: Greta Christina **Illustrations: Kris Kovick**

WANT SOME FUN?



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THE MAKING OF A CUNTOGRAPH

JENNY WRENN

Personalized Pussy Print

I usher into my darkroom a lovely woman with long black hair and deep brown eyes. She admits to me that she is a little embarrassed and asks me what I want her to do. I assure her that this is strictly the making of art and that there is nothing to be embarrassed about. We are going to make a cuntograph.

What if I creamed my labia? Would I get a sexier image?

Photography and I have had a long history together. I first went into the darkroom when I was four years old. My father had put a 4 X 5 color transparency of a rose into the enlarger. I was fascinated. I stared at the beauty of those petals not knowing what enthralled me about the flower's beauty. Not knowing it mirrored the beauty of a woman's vulva.

Years later I tried to capture that same loveliness with images of the female sex. I photographed my lovers and myself but lamented the camera's intrusiveness and its distance. I wanted to be closer to the sexuality of the experience. Developing the image in the darkroom always had an erotic flavor to me. With one hand I would move the paper gently in the chemical bath, watching the image of a woman's pussy become visible. With my other hand I would stroke myself.

Finally I discovered a new process. Without so much as a blush, one photographer told me about a process using cold cream. The process was simple. When applied directly to the undeveloped photographic paper, the cream blocks out the light. For instance, you can rub the cream over your face, place the photo paper against your face to pick up the cream from the skin, and develop the paper as if the cream itself were a sort of film negative. No camera is involved.

"You do, however, need to turn on a lamp for a few seconds, just before immersing the creamed paper in the chemicals," he said. He admitted that he'd only tried it with portraits. "But a woman could spread the cream over her genitals," he replied, "and press the photographic paper against her to get the image properly transfered. Probably easier for women than men."

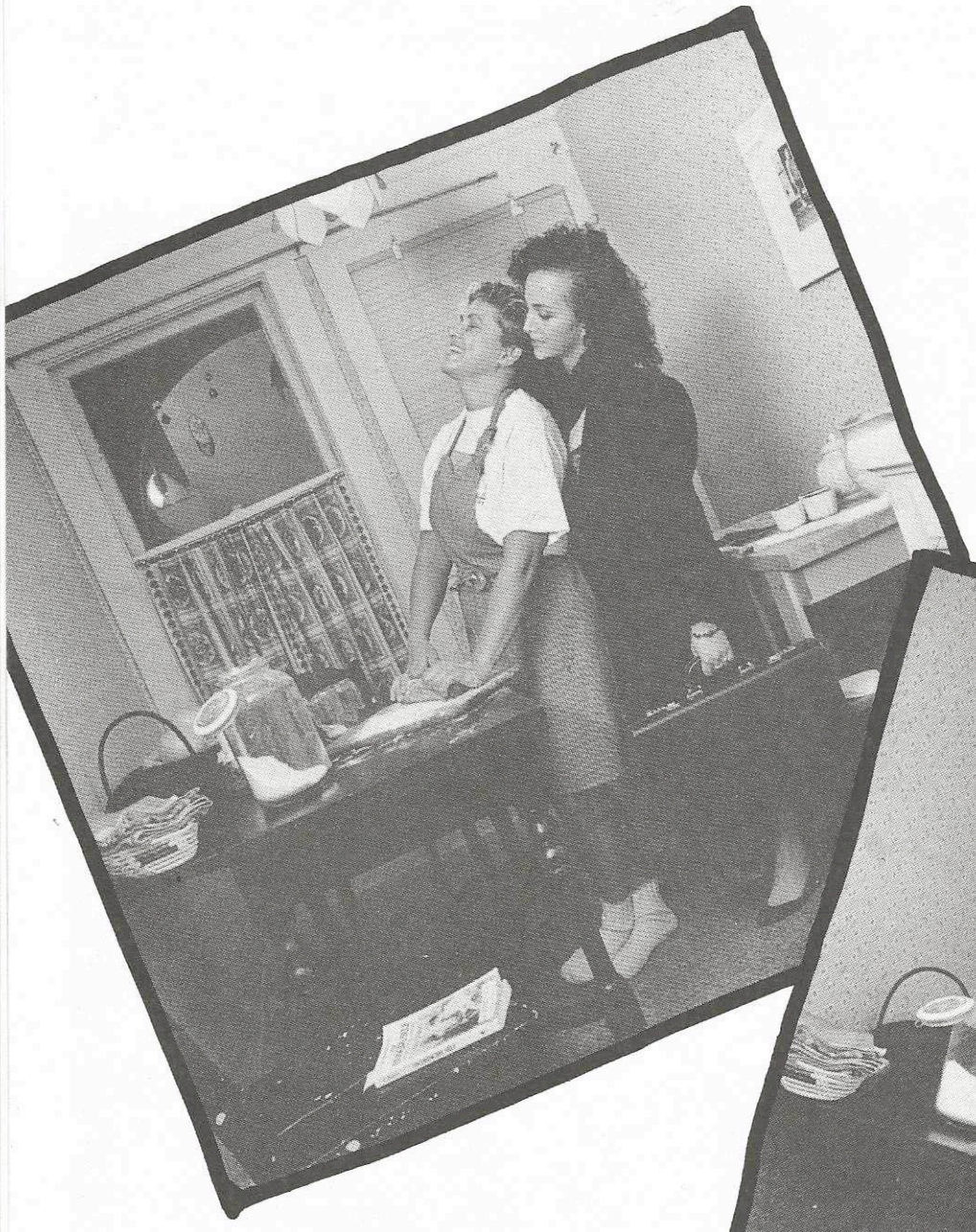
"Ah," I said, and quickly learned all details of the procedure from my fellow photographer. I was on to something new. Something never done before. I was on the brink of true cuntography.

I experimented first on myself. In the darkroom I spread the cold cream over my nude body, from my pubic hair to my belly button. Carefully opening the photo paper box, I took out a sheet of unexposed paper and firmly pressed it over the creamed areas of my body. I made sure that the paper did not move from its original position because that might cause a double image or blurred effect. I removed the paper (handling it by the edges since I didn't want my fingerprints stamped into the creamed paper) and turned on the light for about three seconds. Once again in the dark, with only the yellow safe lights guiding me, I developed the paper. I discovered a fascinating spaghetti effect made by my pubic hair. Well, I thought, what if I creamed my labia? Would I get a sexier image?

Next I experimented with creaming the inside of my thighs; parting my labia and applying the cream. I placed the paper between my legs to reach my vulva more directly. The paper bent and crinkled a bit but the result was fantastic. The images I made became part of an exhibit at the Women's Building in downtown Los Angeles in the early 1980s. I titled the show The Findings of the Heart. I had moved from photography to cuntography—my true interest. But the highlight

(continued on page 44)

JENNY WRENN



PHOTOS BY
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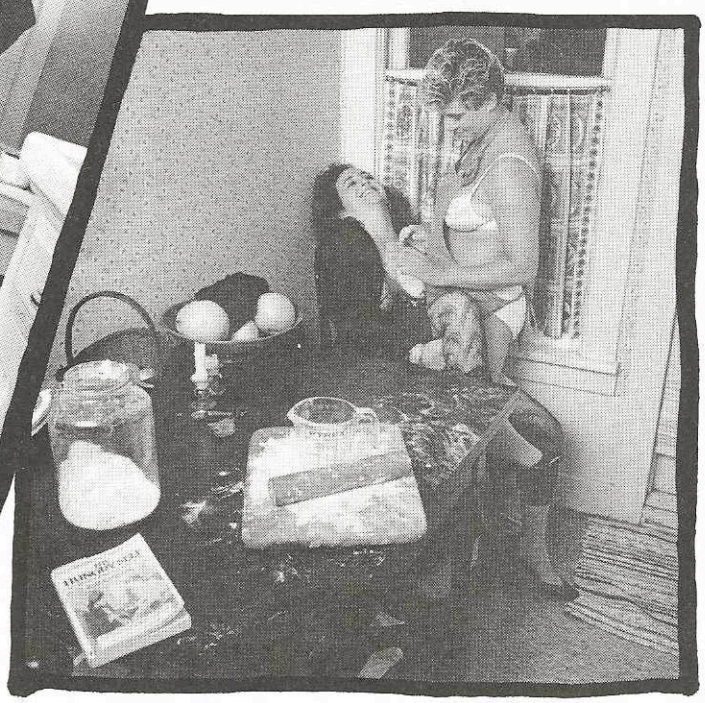

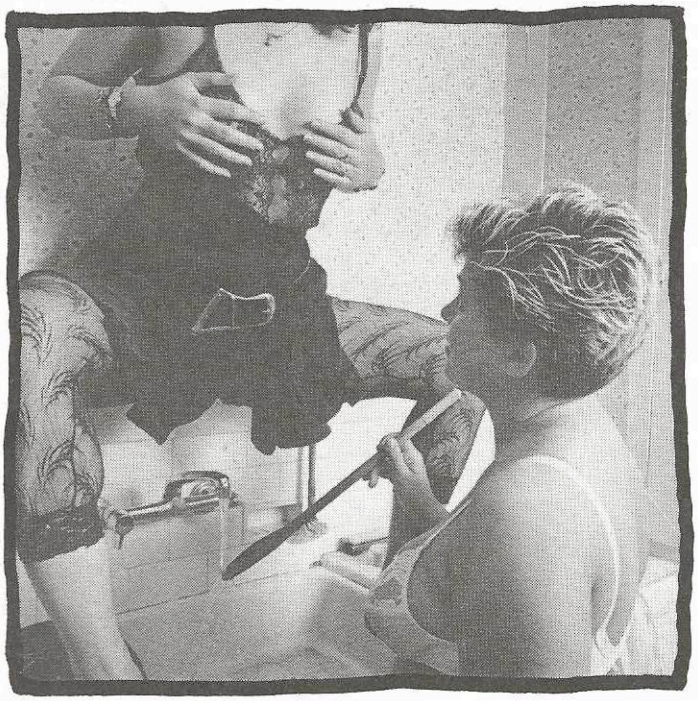

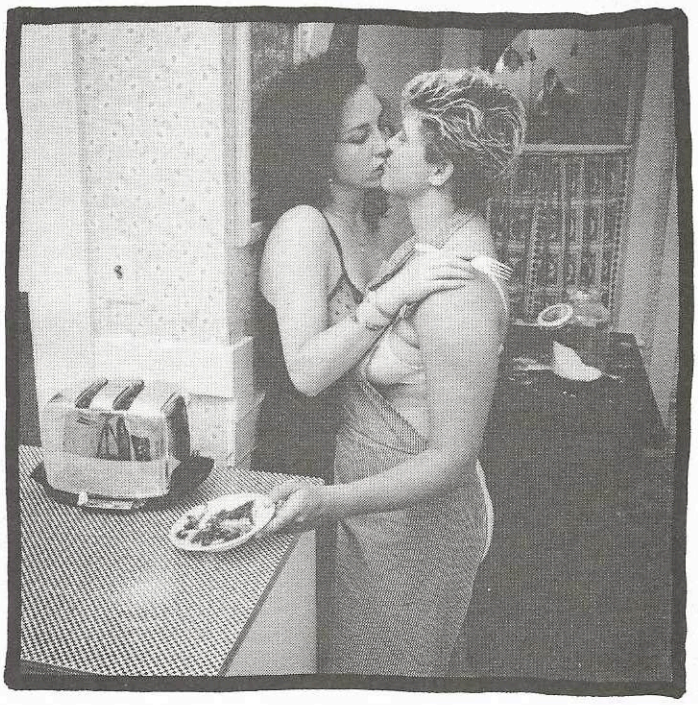

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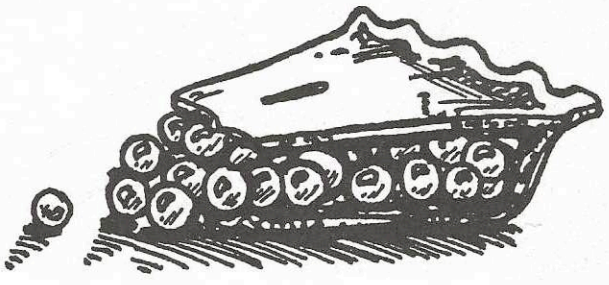


A DECADE OF DENIAL:

Lesbians and HIV

Sarah's lover, Deanna, had sex with Sarah's best friend, Rachel. Deanna learned that Rachel had been sleeping with Michael, a gay man. Sarah decided to get back at Deanna by picking up someone at the women's bar. She noticed a few women snorting coke in the bathroom. She was drunk and she didn't give it much thought when she went home with one of them.

Sarah started seeing Kate. They had wild sex right away and Kate fucked Sarah with her dildo. Kate had broken up with Andrea because she was always sleeping with other women. Kate wanted to settle down and have a baby. Then Kate got a call from Andrea who said she had some kind of vaginal infection and maybe Kate should go to the clinic. The soonest appointment was in two months.

Sarah still slept with Deanna occasionally, even after they broke up, but nothing got the spark going again. Sarah also had a showdown with her friend Rachel. She was shocked to learn that Rachel had been sleeping with Michael for a year and he had fucked her in the ass.

What don't you do anymore? Pick up girls at bars? Sleep with gay men? Eat your girlfriend? Sleep with women who are bisexual? Shoot drugs? Date women outside your circle of friends? Make out with strangers in public bathrooms? What's your idea of safer sex in the age of AIDS?

As lesbians, we want to know our risk of contracting the Human Immunodeficiency Virus (HIV), the virus that can cause AIDS. The best way to address that issue is to ask ourselves what risk behaviors we engage in. We often don't consider our activities risky when, in fact, they might be. The greatest risk behavior for contracting HIV is denial.

When I first moved to New York City in 1988, I went to a lesbian safer sex workshop and took the test—the lesbian behavior versus lesbian identity test. Everyone stood up, listened to a list of activities that we may have engaged in since 1979, and one by one each of us sat down after agreeing that, yes, we have indulged in that particular risky behavior. We all failed the test.

Lesbians have been told they're a low risk group, yet defining risk in terms of groups rather than behavior is fatal. This has lulled us into a false sense of security and contributed to our denial that we are at risk for HIV.

Many women I know who have attended lesbian safer sex workshops agree that lesbians are not employing safer sex techniques. In fact, most of the educators are not using them either. By and large, despite an informational campaign, lesbians have not been using barriers for sex with women. Why not? Practicing safer sex requires that we learn and use a new behavior, in this case using barriers for sex with women: dental dams, saran wrap, gloves, finger cots, sex panties. The motivation to learn new behaviors comes from our individual perception of risk.

Successful campaigns to change sexual behavior in the gay male community were based on a frightening reality: Many gay men saw other gay men die. The behavior change primarily involved using condoms, an easy to obtain, inexpensive item. Gay male culture was already a sex-promoting culture where men had signals and symbols for approach and desire. Gay men promoted public images of gay safer sex on the subways and buses. None of these realities are true for women—lesbian, bi, or straight. ➤

By Risa Denenberg

Photo by Cathy Lee Prochazka

Yet the promotion of the dental dam as a safer sex tool for lesbians was based on the gay men's condom crusade. It's important to say that our response was reasonable—we didn't want to wait and see our friends die. We wanted to learn what we could and prevent HIV transmission in our community. But overall, our response has been a failure. The focus of the lesbian safer sex campaign is a 6 X 6 inch square of latex most women can't even obtain, designed to be used in a dental office.

The dental dam as a symbol of safer sex between women has failed to incorporate even a basic understanding of lesbian sexuality. This focus on the dental dam assumes that oral sex is the definitive characteristic of lesbian sex. Well, lesbian sex is much more than just eating pussy. Lesbians use dildos, have anal sex, practice rimming, fisting, sucking, and biting. Lesbians sleep with men. Lesbians sell sex. Until we can frankly discuss how we *really* have sex, the dental dam will continue to be an ineffectual symbol.

For the most part, we prefer to maintain the false idea that lesbians are an homogeneous group with predictable behaviors. Creating an accurate and inclusive picture of the lesbian community is, therefore, problematic. Our lives are already fraught with stigma and exclusion. We are affected by the homophobia we experience, and to varying extents we each internalize this anti-lesbian message. Therefore, claiming our diversity, our range of risk-taking behaviors, and our varied sexuality is scary stuff. Are we willing to claim intravenous drug use and association with a male drug culture, bisexuality, alcoholism, and sex for money as a part of our community? If we want to know our level of risk, we're going to have to start talking about these things. Denial is easier, but more deadly.

THE POLITICS OF DENIAL

There are many factors that have provoked this group denial of risk among lesbians. First of all, women have had AIDS since the beginning of the epidemic yet they have been largely invisible. The government, medical establishment, and the press have focused their research, funding, and attention primarily on gay men. The definition of AIDS—the final stage of HIV illness—was created by the Centers for Disease Control (CDC). It is based on the types of opportunistic infections seen in men. Since there is little reliable documentation on how HIV progresses to AIDS in women, many women suffer from chronic infections that are not recognized as symptoms of AIDS, according to the CDC definition. Therefore, women with AIDS are frequently misdiagnosed and often die before an AIDS diagnosis is made.

Women are now acknowledged as the fastest growing population with AIDS. The number of documented cases of women with AIDS has risen from 6 in 1981 to 15,493 in 1990. Yet the specific gynecological conditions, transmission issues, survival data, and natural history are still virtually ignored.

Lesbians with AIDS have been rendered even more invisible since the CDC has refused to study the question of woman-to-woman transmission. The officials at the CDC claimed that lesbian transmission doesn't require study because lesbians "don't have much sex" and "there weren't enough cases." Certainly, lesbians have no reason to turn to this institution to realize their risk of HIV infection.

Lesbians have ignored lesbians in the AIDS crisis, too. As political activists, we've struggled so hard just to get women's issues on the agenda that lesbian issues often go unarticulated. Even the most political lesbians often don't acknowledge our risk of HIV infection.

(continued on page 38)

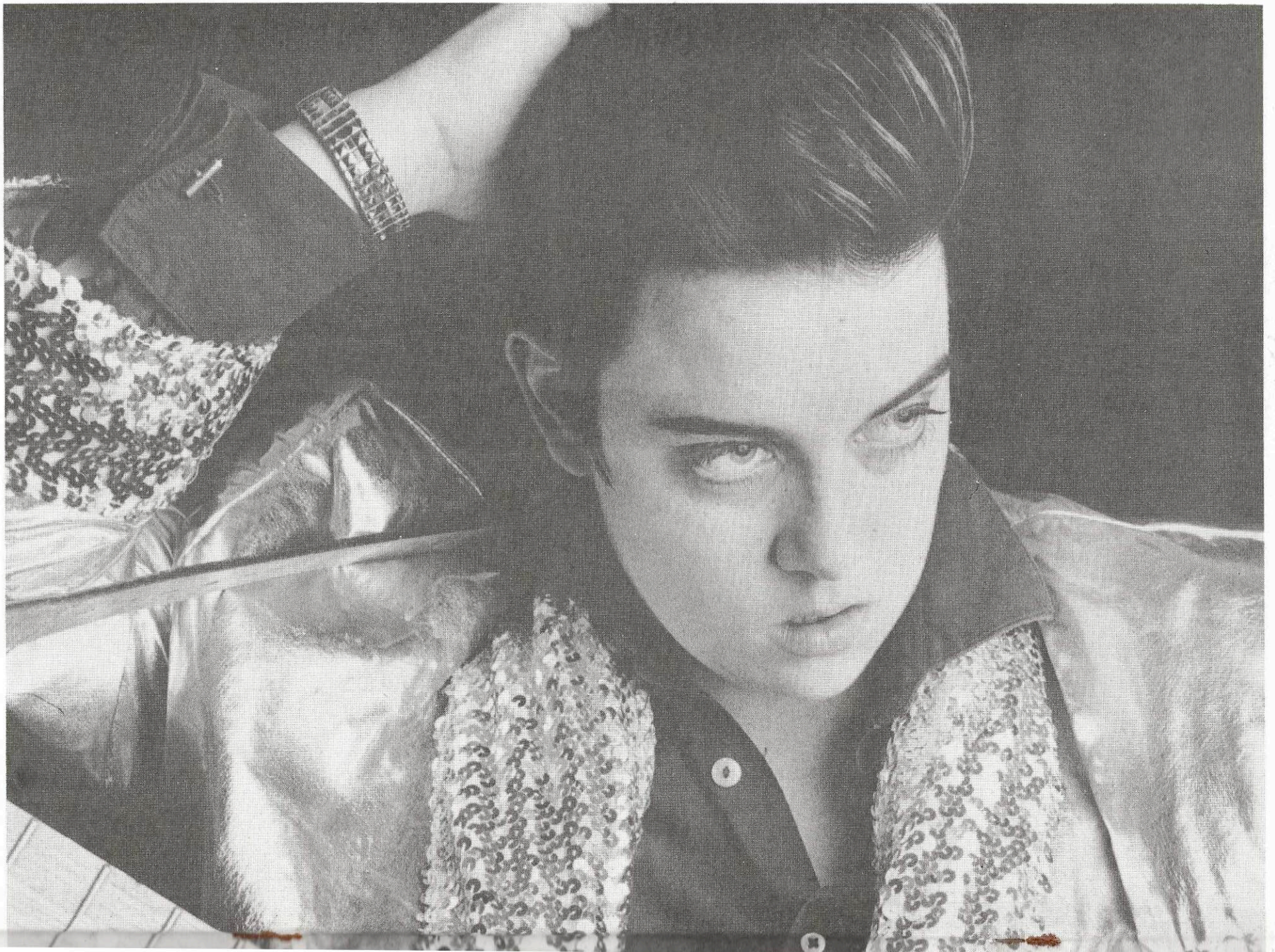
Lesbians on Lesbians: Heroes in the AIDS Crisis

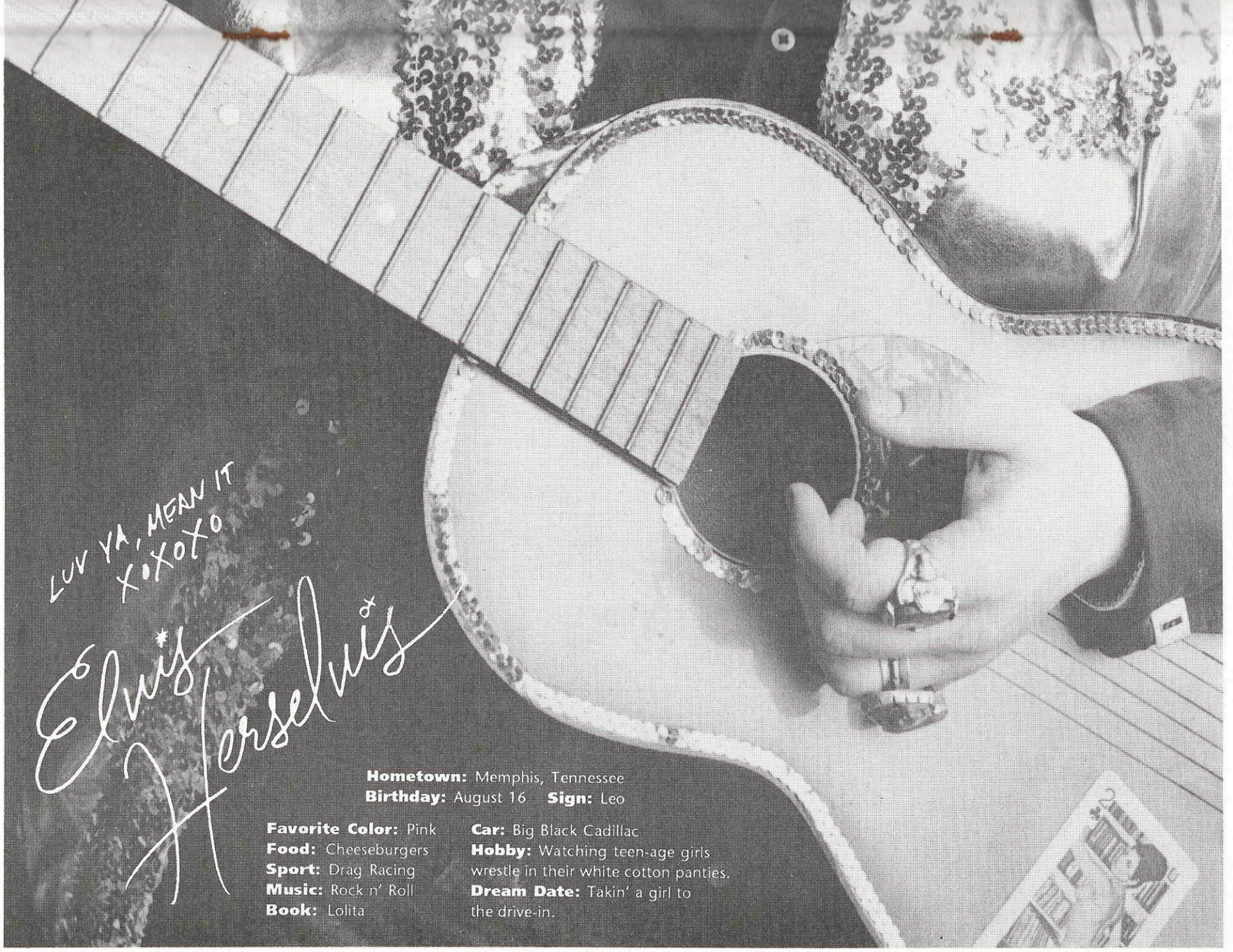
Women have been at the forefront of AIDS activism since the beginning of the epidemic, providing safe sex education and outreach prevention. Recognizing the courage and determination of many lesbian activists to create an atmosphere of awareness around lesbian issues and AIDS is long overdue. Presented here are just of few of the countless lesbian educators, artists, and health care providers whose work has been illuminating and inspirational.

Nancy Barbara has spent many years documenting and archiving lesbian HIV issues and is the founder of Lesbians' Educational AIDS Resource Network (LEARN) in Tampa, Florida. Activist **Ronnie Billini** runs a support group in New York City for HIV positive lesbians. **Jean Carlomusto**, a staff member of the Gay Men's Health Crisis, created the erotic video *Current Flow* showing woman-on-woman sex complete with dental dams. Sex educator **Rebecca Cole** has presented ideas on lesbians and HIV determined to break the stereotypes. **Sally Cooper**, along with Cole, founded the New York City group, Lesbians Working in AIDS. **Cynthia Acevedo**'s daily commitment to women and AIDS was rendered even more visible by her moving lesbian love story "Too Much Denial" published in the book *Women, AIDS, & Activism*. **Katy Godfrey** is conducting a woman-to-woman transmission study at the St. Marks Women's Collective, one of the only lesbian health clinics. Lesbian AIDS Project researchers **Pat Case**, **More Downing**, **Bonnie Fergusson**, **Jennifer Lorvick**, and **Lea Sanchez** completed an ethnographic study of lesbian IV drug users in San Francisco. **Sabrina Sojourner** is a board member of SisterLove, a women and AIDS project in Atlanta, where she facilitates informational support groups for lesbian drug users. As a member of Body Positive, **Alice Terson** provides daily safe sex outreach in New York City. The words, wit, and wisdom of *On Our Backs* editor **Susie Bright** have always been on hand to eroticize safer sex for lesbians. Visual artist **Illith Rosenblum** created an art project out of the "Rename the Dental Dam Contest," sponsored by the Lesbian Caucus of ACT UP New York, 1989. Safe sex maven **Denise Ribble**, famous for whipping out her dildo on the New York subway while talking about sex and risk, documented woman-to-woman transmission in a lesbian support group she ran at the Community Health Project.

ELVIS HERSELVIS

Here's Elvis and her darling Priscilla like you've never seen them before!



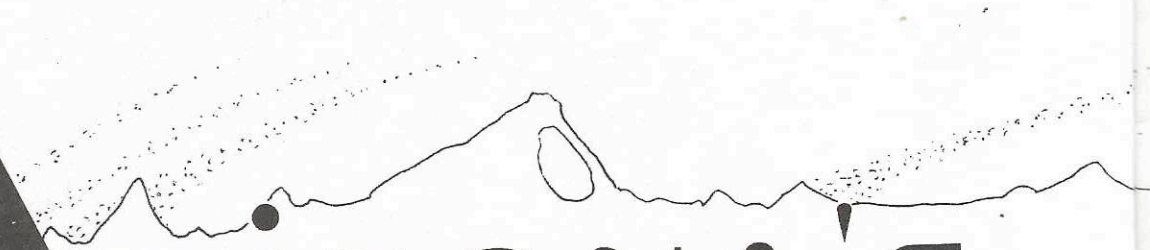

LUV YA, MEAN IT
XOXOXO
Elvis Presley
Hometown: Memphis, Tennessee
Birthday: August 16 Sign: Leo
Favorite Color: Pink
Food: Cheeseburgers
Sport: Drag Racing
Music: Rock n' Roll
Book: Lolita
Car: Big Black Cadillac
Hobby: Watching teen-age girls wrestle in their white cotton panties.
Dream Date: Takin' a girl to the drive-in.

Leigh Crow is Elvis Herselvis. Her fascination with The King began when she was just a kid, and watching cheesy classics like *Viva Las Vegas* and *Blue Hawaii* turned her into a screaming fan. "I'd pretend I was Elvis," laughs Leigh, "but sometimes I'd pretend I was his costar. I couldn't decide which would be more fun." Despite her loyal devotion to Mr. Presley, Leigh never had any ambitions to become a drag king. But two years ago she accepted a dare and Elvis Herselvis was born.

From AIDS benefits on Gay Pride Day to the counterculture club circuit, Elvis Herselvis is making the scene in San Francisco. So what does she think about Elvis being a lesbian? "Well, I always thought Elvis was a little on the femme side."

Photos by Phyllis Christopher

Arizona's Most Wanted



The Last Chance gas station was twenty miles behind me, and the landscape along the Arizona highway didn t seem to change much as it cut through the desert. This was the home where the buffalo roam.

I was on my way back to San Francisco after attending a lesbian writers conference in Phoenix. The topic had been erotica, and my thighs ached from sitting tightly cross-legged for two days, listening to the many ways one could describe passionate love-making between two women in a story. I flipped over the k.d. lang tape and settled back in the seat, giving the car a little more gas. Counting cacti and tumbleweeds was driving me nuts. Besides, no one else was out there or so I thought.

A siren screamed behind me. I looked into the rear view mirror and saw the flashing red and blue lights of a patrol car. Shit. I slowed down and pulled over to the shoulder. The patrol car stopped behind me, lights still whirling.

I pulled my license and registration from the visor and opened the window as the officer approached. I handed them over without looking.

Eighty in a sixty-five, she said, taking them from my hand. She walked back to her car and ran a radio check on me.

I lit a cigarette and pondered my fate. This was my third ticket this year.

I heard her footsteps approach on the gravel and the sound of a gun s hammer being pulled back. It was being pointed at the side of my head. The cigarette fell out of my mouth.

Step out slowly with your hands up, the officer said calmly, throwing open my door. I put my hands behind my head and did as I was told.

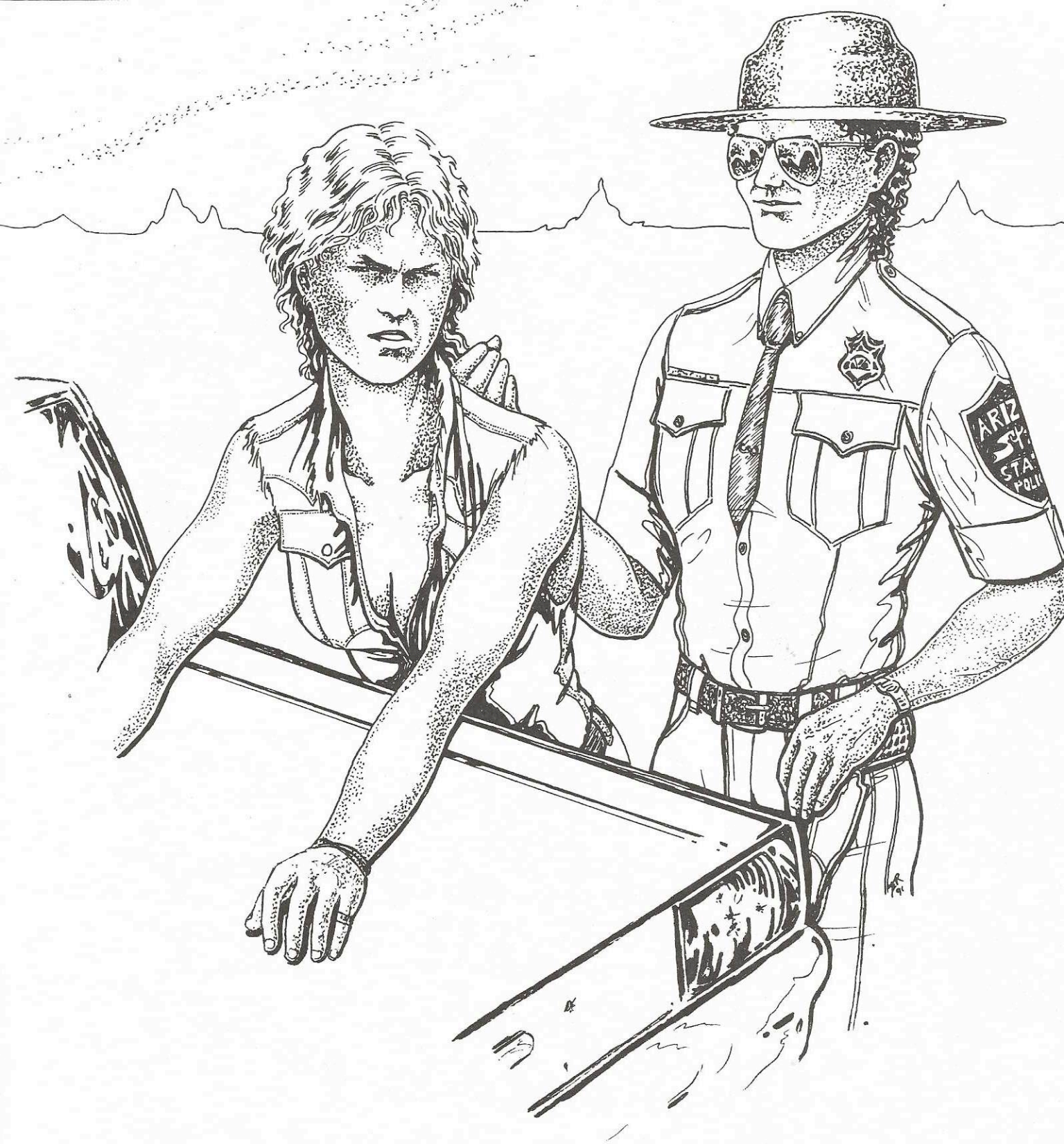
There must be some mistake, I stammered. I paid off those other tickets.

(continued on page 44)

Fiction

By Mickey Warnock

Illustration by Jacki Randall



"I NEED TO SEARCH FOR CONCEALED WEAPONS,"
SHE ANNOUNCED, FINGERING MY CUNT.

I tormented her rigid,

sudsy nipples

until I felt faint with arousal,

caught somewhere between

tenderness and fury.

The Shower

8:45 A.M.

and the air already shimmered with heat. Waiting on that steaming platform for the subway, I began to reflect on my life. Since winter, I'd gotten rid of a boring relationship and had somehow found my way into a miserable one. My bank account was empty, my sex life bright vanilla, and neither looked like they would be improving any time soon. And, of course, I was late to my lousy job. Again.

Suddenly five feet nine inches of pure woman pushed through the turnstile and our eyes locked and held, connected by some invisible filament. We smiled and moved towards one another like old friends. For the next ten minutes we tried to figure out where we'd met before. We never had, but a powerful sense of familiarity held us together as we played a charade of "catching up."

(continued on next page)

Fiction

By Anna Conchita Senos

Photo by Lorene Warwick

(continued from previous page)

When the train pulled in, we shoved our way into two miraculously empty seats and spent the ride uptown talking quietly. She was Olga and something of a drifter. After moving all over the country and working as everything from a short order cook to a model, she was finally ready to make her way home to Tennessee.

"To stay, I hope," she added. Her full wet lips smiled wistfully, and her huge sea-green eyes showed sadness and hope. I wondered aloud what a well-travelled sophisticate would find to do in Tennessee.

"What I love best. Hang up a shingle and make jewelry."

I looked at the silver filigreed neckpiece she wore and the hanging earrings; a decidedly exotic, Middle Eastern touch and quite lovely. I reached out and caressed the necklace, grazing the smooth moist skin of her neck and upper chest. A tiny smile played at the corners of her mouth.

"Your handiwork?" I asked.

She nodded, a hint of shyness shadowing her perfect, heart-shaped face. For a moment she looked like a girl at her first dance. I was captivated.

"Very very beautiful," I murmured, not looking at the necklace but directly into those fantastic eyes. She blushed sweetly and I felt an insistent throbbing in my belly.

She asked me about myself. I shrugged and started to talk, finally telling her my whole self-pitying little story.

"I feel like an animal in a cage—I want to get out but all I can do is pace."

"Well, constant movement ain't all it's cracked up to be, take it from an expert. If you haven't really got a place to go, it's sometimes more healing to stay where you are. You'll know when it's time to cut loose."

I told her she was wise as well as beautiful. It sounded pretty corny and we both had to laugh.

"I'll tell you what's healing," I said. "Being here with you, on this noisy, dirty train. That's healing."

"That's nice," she said dreamily, lifting one hand to my face to run a long finger down the length of my cheekbone. It was a touch of extraordinary gentleness and extraordinary strength.

"I'm so tired of being a wimp, Olga. I'm tired of not asking for what I want."

I was amazed to feel droplets running down my cheeks. I thought I saw real pain in Olga's face. She put a long smooth arm around me and I leaned my face against her fragrant skin. Her dizzying scent cut through my sadness. If other passengers were watching us, I didn't know or care. As far as I was concerned, there were only two people on the planet.

"What do you want now, right now?" she asked in her husky Southern drawl, wiping the tears and sweat from my face with a graceful hand.

"I want to touch you, Olga. I want to make love to you all day. And I can't believe I just said that."

She laughed. "See that, girl? You're already gettin' over your wimpiness. So what about it? They just words, or do you really have the tits for it?"

What flashed through my mind was work and money and Renee, who I didn't love but couldn't betray. What came out of my mouth was, "I'll show you tits, sis, that'll make your hair stand on end."

We got off at the next stop. I had no money for a hotel and neither did Olga, who had said she was staying at a seedy "Y." Renee would be at work all day, God willing, and it was only 9:25. So I took a deep breath and directed Olga to the downtown train, and home.

When we emerged into the blinding sun, the heat, which had been intolerable, suddenly felt relaxing, even sensual. And my street, which I'd begun to hate for its constant pulse of noise and life, was again the center of excitement and color it had seemed in happier days.

We passed a few people I knew. When Big Doris (an old-school bulldagger with a Harley between her legs and six tattoos on her huge, hairy arms) caught sight of Olga, her eyes nearly ended up on the pavement. I slipped my arm around Olga's svelte body and patted her round, muscular ass.

"Eat your heart out, Doris. And have a nice day."

My upstairs neighbor, who generally sits outside all day and gives new meaning to the word *yenta,* was in hibernation from the heat wave, so we were able to make it up the stairs free from prying eyes. I was inflamed with a lust I hadn't felt since high school and dropped my keys twice before I could open the door. Olga laughed at me; an enraging, arousing sound. As soon as we got inside I grabbed her, calling her a bitch. Olga was a good bit taller than me, so her generous breasts were right below my mouth. I dipped my head down and bit one, just a little too hard. "Tiger," she whispered, as I mauled her tits with my hands and mouth.

She pushed me onto the couch, sank to her knees, and opened the buttons of her sleeveless blouse, revealing a black lace pushup bra. She opened the front clasp and parted the material to display flawless alabaster breasts. As she raised her eyes to mine, I saw a profound vulnerability.

"I'll do anything you want," she whispered.

"I know you will." I tried to convey both tenderness and menace in my voice. "Now undress for me like a good girl. And take your time about it."

When she was finished she stood before me, positively stately with her thick brown hair swept forward over one rich, velvet shoulder. If she'd stayed there much longer, looking into me with her big green cat's eyes, I would have fallen to my knees before her.

"Olga, you are a miracle of biology. Now get into the shower. Second door to the right."

She moved sassily down the hall. After the water had been running a few minutes, I undressed and snuck into the bathroom like a burglar.

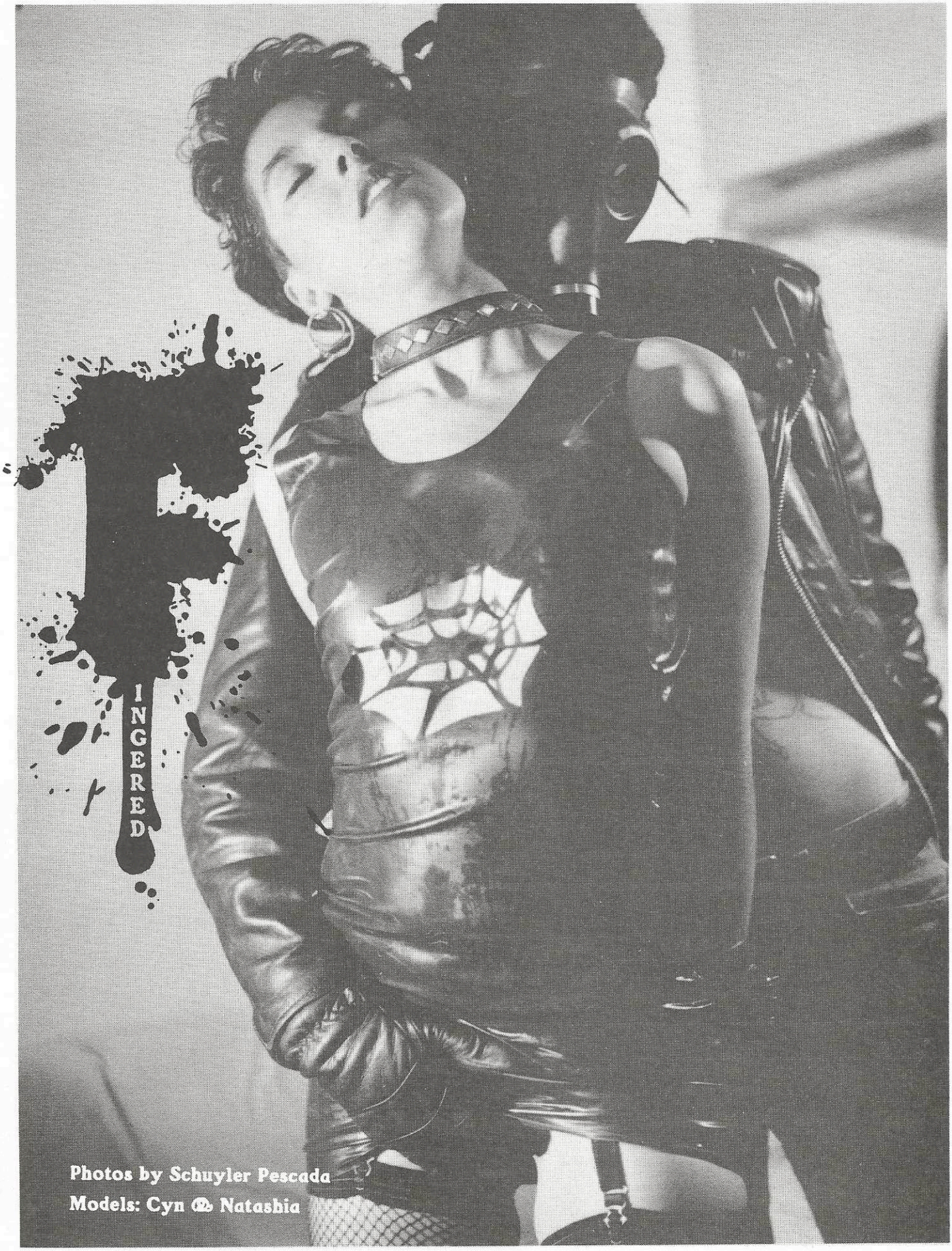
I watched through the transparent curtain as Olga soaped her fantastic body. She pretended to ignore me but made a huge point of lathering all the right places: breasts as big and firm as honeydews, ivory ass like two precious duck eggs on a plate. Her cunt was covered with thick brown hair. After a few minutes, I moved in beside her and my hands joined hers in the blissful task of rubbing soap all over her divine form. Finally her arms fell to her sides and she leaned back with her eyes closed.

I teased one soapy nipple, then the other, with the tips of my fingers and gasped involuntarily as I watched them pucker and harden. "Olga, you drive me wild," I moaned into her neck.

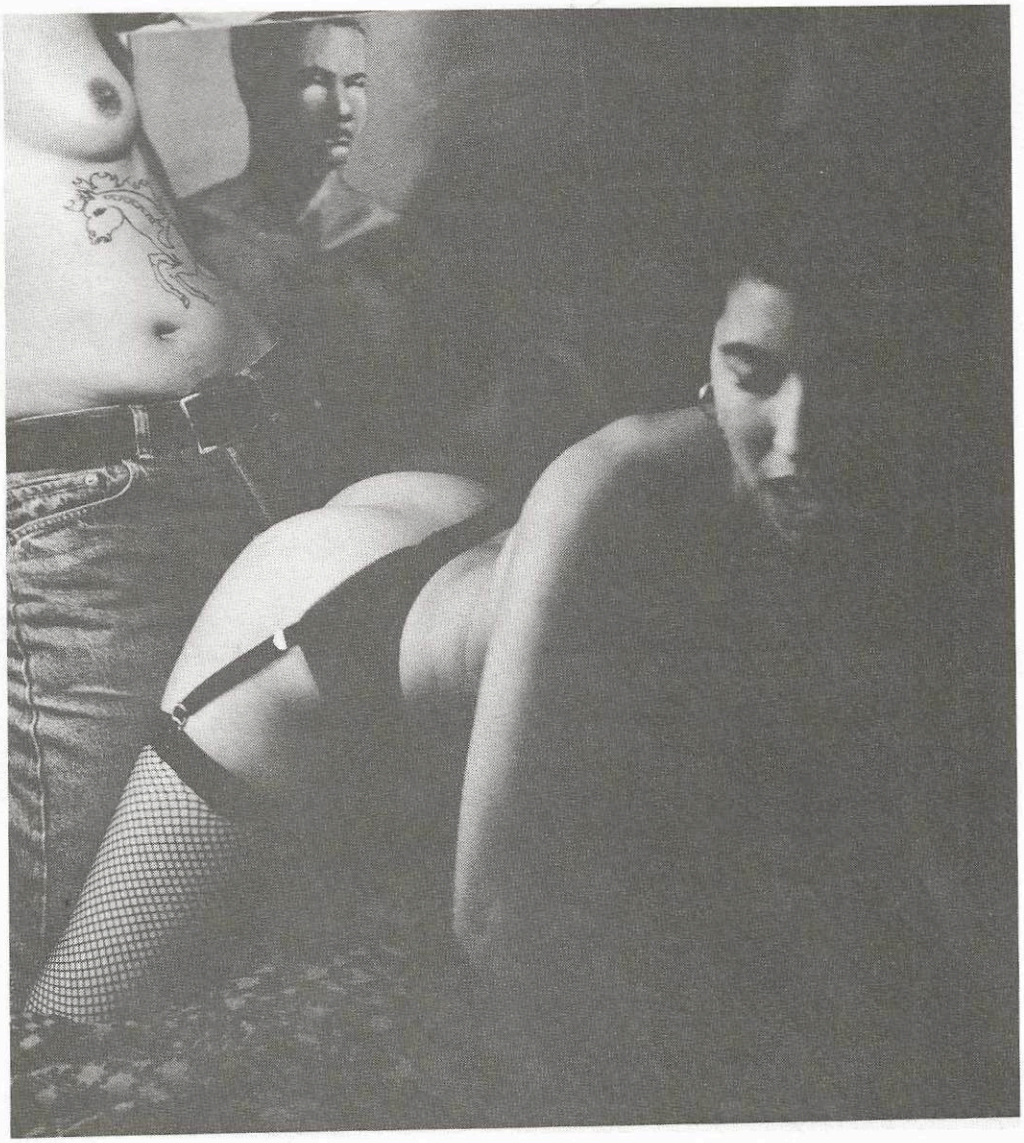
My hands found their way to her sweet bush. I parted the fleshy lips with my thumbs and stared at the hot pink paradise within until my mouth went dry. I eased my pinkie into all that honey, then my ring finger. I continued with absolute control—which was not easy—until my whole hand was enveloped.

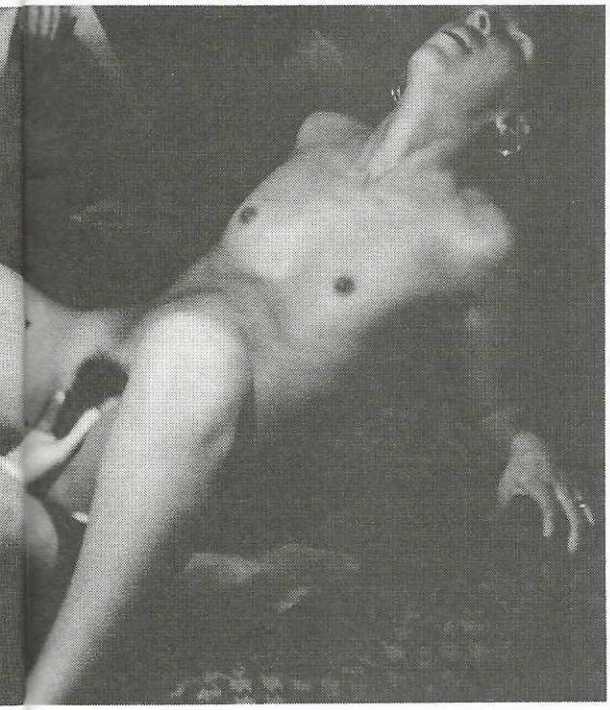
I stared at Olga's face as I moved slowly within her wet prison. She felt like silk in hot oil. When I started churning my hand in strong circular motions, her eyes rolled up until only the whites were visible and her mouth twitched as she made the sounds of some sweet, frantic animal. With my other hand I tormented

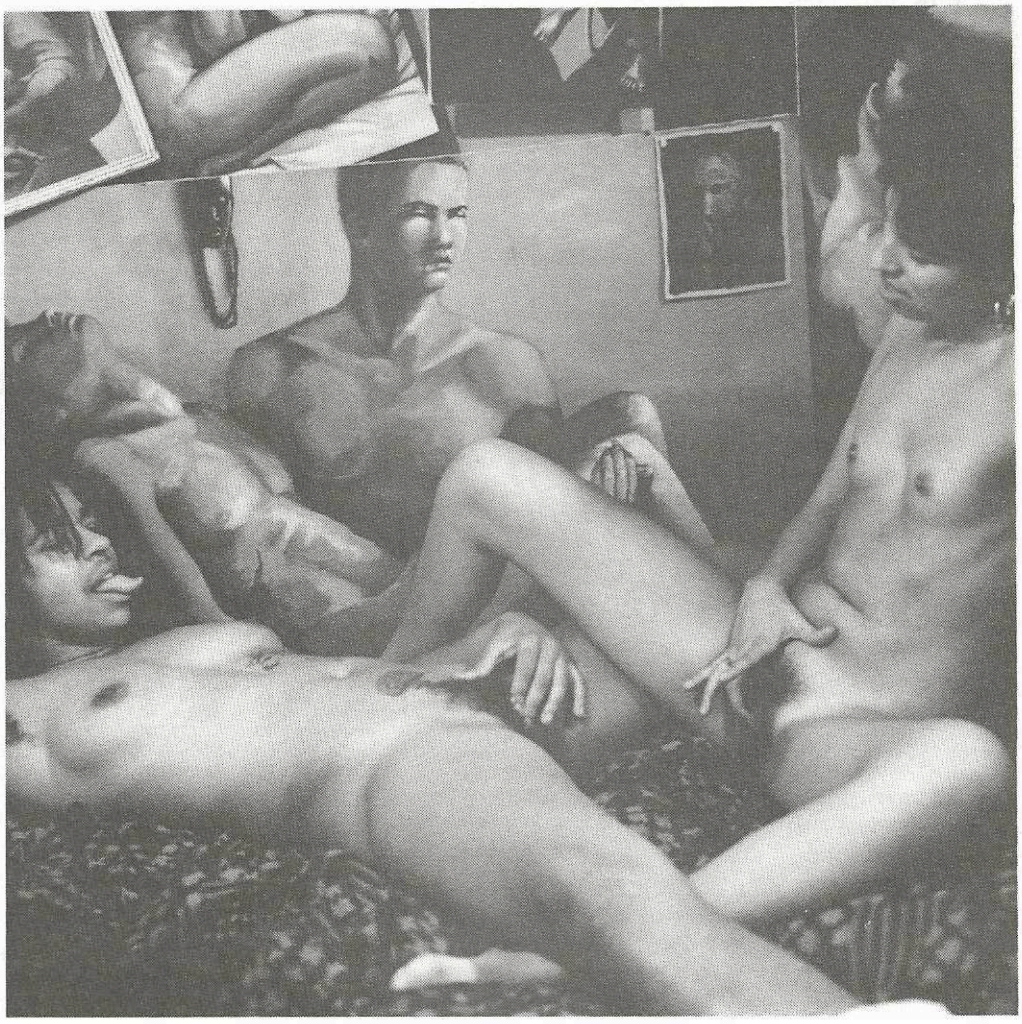
(continued on page 42)

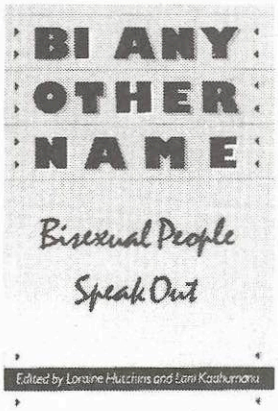


Photos by Schuyler Pescada
Models: Cyn & Natashia









BI ANY OTHER NAME

Edited by Loraine Hutchins and Lani Kaahumanu. Alyson Publications, $11.95

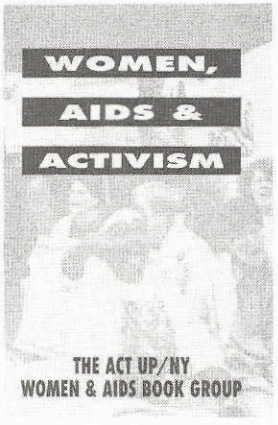
Stereotypes of bisexuals as fence-sitters or unthinking swingers die a quick death in the pages of *Bi Any Other Name,* an anthology of writings by bisexuals. Stories from such varied voices as a lesbian-identified bisexual fag-hag, a Japanese feminist, and a Native American man illustrate the fact that bisexuals arrive at their self-definition from all sorts of paths. Editors Loraine Hutchins and Lani Kaahumanu collected this range of voices with the intention of creating a feminist multicultural book. They succeed wonderfully.

The book is divided into four sections: psychology, spirituality, community, and politics. In the overview of the psychology section, there is an excellent explanation of why one woman sometimes identifies as a bisexual and sometimes sees any label as irrelevant. Referring to Kinsey's sliding scale of sexuality, Jane Litwoman says, "I think of myself as off the scale. Gender is just not what I care about or even notice in a sexual partner." This theme of refusing to squeeze oneself into predetermined identities permeates the collection.

Unfortunately the pain of ostracism, often by both the heterosexual and gay communities, also percolates through the stories. "Sisterhood Crosses Gender Preference Lines" describes the difficulty of being bisexual in a lesbian circle. "Because of the extreme biphobia in the lesbian community, and because the lesbian and gay community is one I have always admired, related to, and identified with, it has been much more difficult for me to be out as bisexual in the lesbian community then to be out as a lesbian in the straight world," writes Dajenya. This, in spite of the fact that she and her lover were literally stoned by six straight teenagers once for walking hand-in-hand. Rebecca Gorlin, author of "The Voice of a Wandering Jewish Bisexual," says being bisexual reminds her of her ancestors' wanderings as they tried to find a place to call home.

With all the disparate voices gathered, it's hard to imagine a bisexual who couldn't feel at home somewhere in this book. Moreover, *Bi Any Other Name* challenges our thinking about constructions of sexuality, political organizing around sexual issues, and the freedom that comes with living out one's sexuality.

—Mary James



WOMEN, AIDS & ACTIVISM THE ACT-UP/NEW YORK WOMEN & AIDS BOOK GROUP

South End Press, $7.00

Women, AIDS & Activism, a collective effort of the ACT-UP/New York Women & AIDS Book Group and many outside contributors, presents a wide range of viewpoints and questions concerning the impact of AIDS on women. Included are stories of women rarely interviewed in the mainstream media: incarcerated women, former prostitutes, and ex-junkies. The ways in which cultural differences among various ethnic groups, such as Hispanics, Asians, and Native Americans can pose obstacles to effective communication in AIDS-related counseling are also discussed.

In addition to personal perspectives and reports on community-based educational programs, this volume offers valuable information on the medical classification and treatment of women with HIV-related illness. Risa Denenberg's "Unique Aspects of HIV Infection in Women" is an excellent investigation into the manifestation of HIV illness in women; a subject often ignored by the medical establishment. (See AIDS article on page 20.) Because HIV-related symptoms may be misdiagnosed in women, and because the illness tends to progress differently in women than in men, many of those afflicted lack access to existing AIDS resources. "Transmission Issues for Women," by Cynthia Chris, details the circumstances that make it almost impossible to estimate the risk of HIV transmission through lesbian sex.

The wealth of information crammed into these 295 pages is commendable. However, some statements are disturbingly controversial and appear to be imported—without critical examination—from the gay men's advocacy groups with which the creators of this book are affiliated. For example, in "HIV-Antibody Testing and Legal Issues for HIV-Positive People," lesbian feminist Zoe Leonard proclaims, "If we support anonymous voluntary testing, we must support it for all people, even those convicted of sex crimes." What ramifications does this statement hold for women, who are disproportionately the victims of male sex offenders?

Because all of these observations are authored by female community leaders and activists, they offer the reader details and nuances that would have eluded an outside reporter. Yet a more comprehensive treatment of women and AIDS would include more discussion of how AIDS affects men and women differently—especially in the political arena.

—Merle Knight

HIGH RISK

Edited by Amy Scholder and Ira Silverberg.
Plume Publishers, $8.95

High Risk, subtitled "an anthology of forbidden writings," is a compilation of essays, short stories, and poetry by a dissident group of gay, lesbian, and heterosexual writers. Among the two dozen authors are sexual outlaw writers and activists Pat Califia and Dorothy Allison, transsexual lesbian playwright Kate Bornstein, and performance artist Karen Finley.

Although many pieces in *High Risk* are about censorship, the bulk of this book's subject matter is horror, both personal and social. Over and over the authors stare into the underbelly of the human experience: heroin addiction, child sexual abuse, obsessional relationships, and urban decay.

Unlike any prior exposés of horror, *High Risk* bares the complex and often ambivalent responses victims have to their travail. In "Heroin," a poem by Pat Califia, we bear witness to the addict's symbiotic embrace of her destroyer:

All I really want to do
Is listen to the the tides of blood
Wash around inside my body
Telling me everything is
fine, fine, fine.

Similarly, in "Private Rituals," a short story by Dorothy Allison, a child abuse victim survives her assaults by constructing elaborate sexual fantasies and rituals around her abuse.

An Orwellian logic and landscape permeates many of the works in *High Risk.* People are mindlessly beheaded, bodies are burned, while other characters, often in a narcotic haze, stare blankly at the wanton waste before them. Yet these writers manage to tap veins of creativity when all such channels should have collapsed. Perhaps the father in "A Young Girl," a story by Kathy Acker about a nihilistic relationship between an artist and his daughter, says it best: "In order to paint horror, I have to see horror...In order to see horror, I have to touch or fuck horror." Most of these writers have touched or fucked horror. A collective moan emanates from *High Risk*—the sound of broken spirits creating art. It is not light reading. You may find yourself choking back your own smothered groans of despair as you read each tortured line.

—Wickie Stamps

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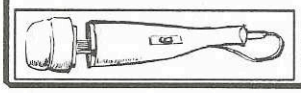
Illustration by Betty Dodson from her book, SEX FOR ONE.



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JUPITER I & II
ADAM I & II
by SCORPIO

LESBIANS & HIV *(continued from pg 22)*

Radical lesbian feminist politics has contributed to lesbians' denial by protracting the theoretical debate over issues such as, pornography, penetration, S/M, and bisexuality. There is a politically correct line that outlines how pornography leads to violence against women, without ever looking at how women get turned on to porn and use it within relationships with other women. In the lesbian separatist community, all male concepts are forbidden and therefore penetration is politically wrong, despite the reality that some of us like it. S/M is considered wrong because it explores themes of power and pain, two identifying characteristics of the patriarchy. The politically correct line also denies the possibility that acting on S/M themes can be safe, enjoyable, and even healing. In some lesbian circles, whom lesbians choose to sleep with is not a question of personal and political choice, but a matter of community censure. Lesbians who sleep with men are the object of ridicule, ostracism, and mistrust.

By pushing a "correct" behavior line, the real experiences of lesbians are discounted. If we set rules based on a value-judgment system instead of a real system of risk reduction, we are saying that women who don't follow the rules deserve to die.

WOMAN-TO-WOMAN TRANSMISSION

A survey conducted on lesbians at the Community Health Project in New York City clearly showed that lesbians engage in risk behaviors but don't believe that there is a significant risk of HIV transmission from woman-to-woman sex. (Denenberg, unpublished, 1991.) Denise Ribble, AIDS activist and safe sex pioneer, documented woman-to-woman transmission in a support group for lesbians with HIV that she ran in New York City in 1987, with several more cases being identified anecdotally in the past two years. Last June I attended the Lesbian and Gay Health Conference in Washington, D.C., and several lesbians informally exchanged information about cases of woman-to-woman transmission that have occurred in different communities. A few cases of woman-to-woman transmission have also been documented in medical journals.

Certainly the number of cases of woman-to-woman transmission appears to be small at this time, however bias on the part of the medical community may be responsible for these low figures. In order to substantiate woman-to-woman transmission, an HIV positive woman must prove that she has engaged in no other risk behavior in the past ten years. She must convince the researcher that her mode of transmission was sex with a woman—even if she always used condoms when having sex with men, or never shared a needle when she shot heroin fifteen years ago. The burden of proof rests on her shoulders. The CDC will only identify a woman with AIDS as a lesbian if she has not had sex with any man for any reason in ten years.

Still, the CDC cannot establish the risk behavior responsible for HIV infection in almost 10% of the women with AIDS, a figure more than double the unknown transmission category for men. Since we have no reliable source of information, we don't know how many lesbians have AIDS, much less how many are HIV positive.

No government-funded study on the nature of HIV infection and how it progresses to AIDS in women has ever been conducted. Women respond differently than men when their immune systems are compromised with HIV. They experience a variety of opportunistic infections not seen in men such as cervical cancer, pelvic inflammatory disease, and pulmonary tuberculosis. Furthermore, severe menstrual irregularities, chronic vaginal infections and pelvic infections, and abnormal pap smears are often not interpreted as symptoms of HIV infection in women. Many health care providers are disinclined to consider women's gynecological complaints as symptoms of HIV illness.

As a health care practitioner working with lesbians, I am seeing an increase in sexually transmitted diseases in lesbians: trichomonas, yeast infections, genital herpes, warts, chlamydia, anal gonorrhea, and bacterial vaginitis. With the exception of gonorrhea, all the women became infected through sex with another woman. It is plausible that if a woman can get chlamydia, herpes, or warts through sex with women, HIV can be transmitted by this mode also.

LESBIAN SEX AND RISK

When I do safe sex raps, or lesbian AIDS talks, the hottest question seems to be what sex acts are risky and exactly what is the quantity of risk. I often feel as if I am being asked to state exactly how much pussy a woman can lap up before she will seroconvert. But—and this is the hardest point to counter—the lesbian asking the question is framing it with an

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"GAY PROGRAMMING WAS ONLY 2 HOURS A WEEK"
"STAFF MEMBERS REVEALED MY HIV STATUS"
"PEOPLE REFUSED TO ROOM WITH ME"
"MY AFTERCARE REFERRAL WAS A STRAIGHT COUPLES GROUP"
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"I HAD TO TAKE OFF MY LABYRIS"
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HIV negative partner in mind. It's a circular theme; we're a low risk group, so my partners are not likely to have the virus, so I can engage in a greater amount of risky sex. Perhaps the best question to ask is this: If I knew my present lover was positive, how would I have sex with her?

Do you use dental dams? Does your girlfriend? Do your friends? I have personally experimented with dams once or twice and been amused by the results. In my case, I have always had difficulty letting women go down on me because I have genital herpes and don't want to give it to my lover. I gave up on receiving oral sex years ago as my personal solution to a sexual (and political) dilemma. I will still eat a girl, but only if she'll let me do it raw because I love the taste and get bored without it. But I won't eat a woman on her period—any more.

Face facts. There is no manual on lesbian sex or lesbian transmission. HIV is in body fluids, blood, and semen. The amount of HIV in blood and semen is so significant that even a small exposure can be a big risk. There is also a significant amount of HIV in vaginal secretions and even more in vaginal secretions that contain large or small amounts of blood and white blood cells. White blood cells are present in the vagina whenever an infection or trauma occurs. To the vagina, a trauma could be fucking—or inserting a tampon.

There is less HIV in saliva, tears, sweat, urine, and breast milk. Large quantities of these fluids would have to enter the blood stream to cause infection. There have been cases of documented transmission to infants through breastfeeding but no documented cases of transmission by saliva. There is evidence, however, that HIV can be transmitted through oral sex, for both men and women. Transmission can occur by oral contact with semen or vaginal secretions, through breaks in the oral membranes. There can also be HIV in feces if blood cells, red or white, are present.

A woman could become infected with HIV, if her partner has the virus, in a number of ways. She could go down on her lover and the virus could enter her circulation through small cuts inside her mouth. She could get HIV on her fingers and put it in her mouth, her own vagina, or her anus. She could fuck her lover with her dildo and then use it herself, placing HIV inside her own vagina. She could eat a girl who's on her period, or has a yeast infection, also increasing transmission risk. She could bite her partner, and draw blood, taking it into her mouth. She could be infected through cuts on her own fingers while fucking or fisting.

One aspect of safer sex involves reducing the risk of exchanging body fluids during sexual activities. Dental dams have yet to be proven risk-eliminators for oral sex, but the barrier idea is on the right track. There is no reason to prefer dental dams, which are hard to obtain and much too small, to saran wrap. Latex gloves are easier to obtain, and so are finger cots. Both can be purchased at drug stores. I actually like these products; they don't decrease sensation for either partner and are sexy to play with.

Some girls make their own sex panties by removing the crotch of some sexy underthings and sewing in latex. In some fabric stores you can buy rubber by the yard, perfect for queen-size dams. Condoms have entered the lesbian bedroom in a whole new way. Cut the condom open for a larger, thinner dam. Use it to cover your dildo when sharing, or going from cunt to ass. You can also cut the fingers off of a glove then cut it open for a dam.

It's important to admit that lesbian sex can be risky and that safer sex techniques can be learned. But we have a long way to go in taking up the theme of sex-positive, non-judgmental education and outreach. And, of course, we'll have to do it ourselves.

LESBIANS & INTRAVENOUS DRUG USE

For lesbians, the single greatest means of acquiring HIV is intravenous drug use. Like other drug users, lesbians shoot drugs in varied settings: at home, at the office, at parties, on the street, in shooting galleries. Many lesbians who shoot drugs aren't addicts but use at parties or on weekends, while functioning well at jobs and with other responsibilities. Needle sharing with close associates is not unusual at parties, or in bathrooms at women's bars. Use of alcohol and non-IV drugs also plays a role in engaging in risk behaviors for lesbians.

Unfortunately, the stigma of drug use often separates women who shoot drugs from women who do not, in terms of sexual identification. Women who strongly identify with the lesbian community are more likely to hide their drug use from their sisters, while women who can't easily hide their drug use are in the closet about their sexuality.

Little research exists on drug use in lesbians, however an important study came out of San Francisco in 1987.

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Lesbian AIDS Project researchers Case, Downing, Fergusson, Lorvick, and Sanchez interviewed 28 active lesbian intravenous drug users. They found that many engaged in other high risk behaviors such as unprotected sex with men, sex in exchange for money or drugs, and unprotected sex with women on their periods.

LESBIANS AND SEX WITH MEN

The issue of sex with men is another—perhaps the ultimate—taboo. Women who have occasional or even ongoing sexual relations with men may continue to identify as lesbian. The label of bisexual is not easily embraced or accepted, and many lesbians identify as lesbian for political and social reasons, not strictly on the basis of occasional sexual behavior.

A study of lesbians engaging in sex with men was conducted by the Kinsey Institute in 1987. They interviewed 262 self-identified lesbians from a pool of more than 5,000 women. The sample was representative of age and geography, not of race and class. Ninety-four percent of the sample was white, and most of the women had a relatively high level of educational attainment. In this sample, 45% had been sexually active with men since 1980. The research documented unprotected penis-in-vagina fucking, penis-in-ass fucking, rimming, blow jobs, fucking on the women's period, and unsafe sex acts with gay men. It also documented lesbians having sex for money, shooting drugs, and engaging in alternative insemination with unscreened donors. The data concludes that lesbians engage in high risk activities and have high risk sex with men. It also concludes that lesbians, despite these behaviors, have an inaccurate perception of their risk of acquiring HIV.

Lesbians working in AIDS activist groups are frequently presumed to be not at risk, even though it is my experience that when lesbians and gay men work together, sexual liaisons are very likely to occur.

LESBIAN SEX WORKERS

A large percentage of women working in the sex industry have sexual relations with women. Many lesbians have a history of working in the sex industry, although some may not talk about it. Sex work is another closeted activity that much of the lesbian community refuses to talk about. Prostitution, erotic dancing, and escorting are all activities that women may choose to make money or explore sexual empowerment. Sex workers may view sexual interaction with men solely

as work and turn to women for love and intimacy.

Sex workers who turn tricks will use condoms—when they can. Although the majority of sex workers today employ safer sex techniques, many women who work the streets or exchange sex for drugs often cannot negotiate the use of condoms in their work. In some cases women can make more money if the condom is omitted. Sex work may increase the likelihood of drug use, and using may increase the probability of engaging in risk activities.

LESBIANS AND CHILDBEARING

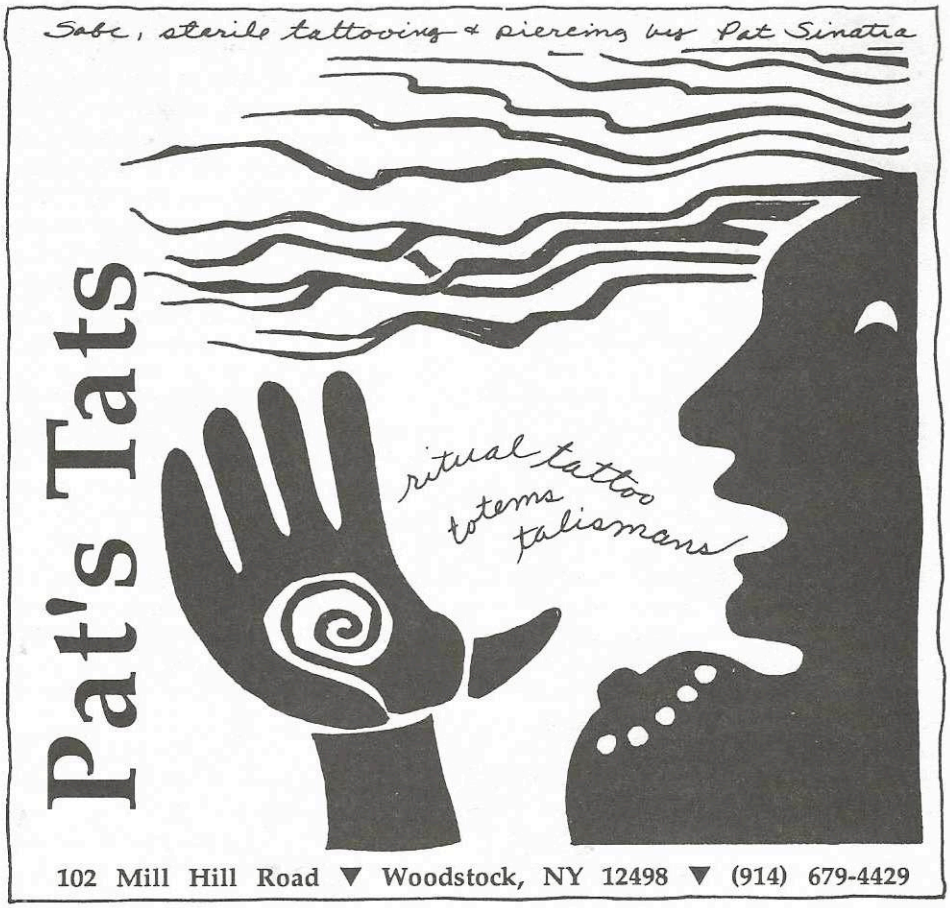
Getting pregnant often involves risk-taking behaviors. Fucking a man without using a condom is the easiest, most efficient way to get pregnant. Fucking a stranger may be the best way to minimize the man's paternal interest in the child. Traditionally, we have looked to our gay brothers for sperm. These strategies are clearly risky yet common occurrences, since many medical settings will not inseminate unmarried or non-heterosexual women, and the cost of artificial insemination can be prohibitive.

Alternative insemination involves a donor. Sperm may be formally donated through a sperm bank or informally using the turkey-baster-at-home style. HIV transmission has been documented through both donor banks and informal donor transmission. Although most banks screen sperm, the limits of HIV testing must be factored in; some false negatives do occur. A man could agree to HIV testing prior to intercourse or donating sperm but it may take up to six months after exposure to HIV before the identifying antibodies show up in the blood test.

REALIZING OUR RISKS

There are many other ways lesbians might become infected with HIV. Lesbians get raped. Lesbians may have received blood transfusions prior to institution of screening the blood supply in 1985. In non-professional settings lesbians might share needles for piercing ears, noses, nipples, labia; or for homemade tattoos. Lesbians are health care workers who may be at risk on the job. Clearly we are at risk as both women and lesbians, and we need to come out of the closet about it. How can we do this?

First we have to acknowledge that we are talking about an infection that can lead to severe immunocompromise, to AIDS, to death. Women with AIDS are underdiagnosed, but once properly diagnosed, survival rates are still bleak. Much research needs to be done and the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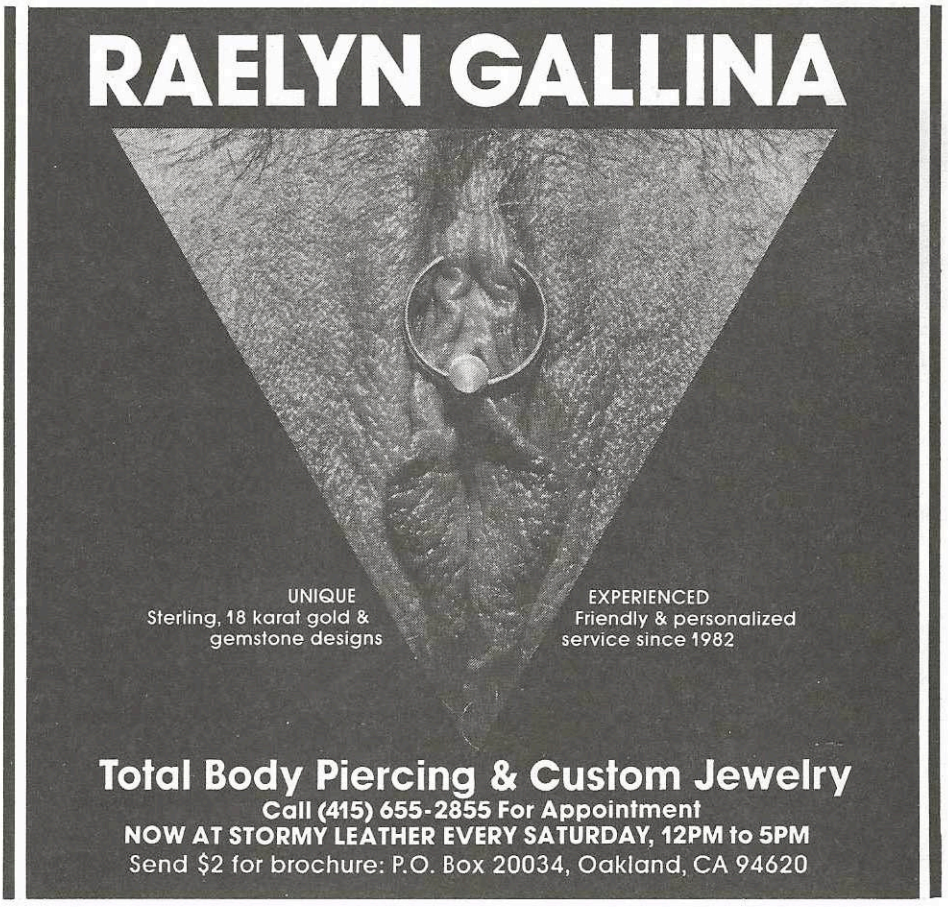
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government is turning its back. If lesbians are to be truly effective in preventing HIV infection, we must engage in educational and prevention strategies in our community. This means ending our denial about our risk behaviors.

We have to learn to replace value judgments with an expanded understanding of our community. Our diversity in race, class, and behavior is broad and needs to be embraced, not ignored. We must acknowledge that not all women call themselves lesbians, but many have ties to the gay community. Many women travel in and out of the closet according to internal needs. We must acknowledge women who have stronger identification with their ethnicity than their sexuality, but who won't be reached by a safer sex educational strategy geared to straight women in their ethnic group.

In addition to changing our own perceptions of risk, we must insist on a greater awareness of lesbian issues in our society. We need drug treatment facilities for lesbians. We need lesbian-friendly sperm banks. We need lesbian-explicit sexual education in the public schools. We need better barriers to use for oral sex. We need to see our needs addressed in gay-identified AIDS advocacy and activist organizations. We need lesbian HIV prevention materials that are addressed to diverse ethnic communities. We must continue to exert political pressure on the CDC to redefine AIDS and include the ways infection occurs in women and in intravenous drug users; to fund woman-to-woman transmission studies, partner seroprevalence studies, and other lesbian-specific research.

We must also keep on providing safer sex education for lesbians and promoting the availability of safer sex products like dams, gloves, and condoms. Lesbian AIDS educators, researchers and activists must persevere in presenting the realities of HIV infection in lesbians. And we must continue creating visible sex-positive images of ourselves.

This lesbian needs assessment is long overdue. Without it, we cannot quantify risk or engage in meaningful outreach and prevention strategies. Should we engage in safer sex? Yes, of course. But what does that mean? I think we have only begun the dialogue. Δ

For further info about lesbians and HIV, contact:
Project Inform, San Francisco (415) 626-2145
Women & AIDS Resource Network, NY (718) 596-6007
New Jersey Women & AIDS Network (201) 846-4462
Chicago Women's AIDS Project (312) 271-2070

THE SHOWER (continued from page 32)

her rigid, sudsy nipples until I felt faint with arousal myself, caught somewhere between tenderness and fury. As I raised my hand to Olga's cheek and kissed her quivering mouth, I was painfully aware that some part of me wanted to root around inside her like a troglodyte; to plunder her delicacy with hard, barbaric thrusts. Olga's voice sounded far off, what with my own bottomless appetite thundering in my ears.

"Please baby, please," was all she could manage in the way of words before lapsing into more primitive yelps and wheezes. I shook my head and whispered in a tight, gravelly rumble, "Not yet."

I gasped at the feel of my hand slowly receding against her deep suction and Olga whined with disappointment. I kissed her and told her that everything she had ever wanted from a lover she would get from me—but in my time, and on my terms.

"Now be a good little girl and turn around for mama. And don't you touch it while I'm not looking." She did as she was told, and I smiled at the exquisite lines of her strong back and shoulders. I stroked them, delighting in both their strength and femininity, then pushed lightly. She knew what I wanted.

She placed both her palms against the wet pink tiles, thrusting her buttocks out at the same time. I soaped the cheeks into a froth, then gently worked a finger inside her crack and finally into her snug little asshole. She stiffened for a second at the invasion. I told her to relax and breathe it through. She did, and soon the little muscle stretched enough for me to slide in. God, how she throbbed around my finger!

A wave of tenderness almost knocked me to my knees. I brushed her long wet hair from the nape of her neck, and began murmuring against her, telling her what an angel she was, how addicted I was to her beauty, her power. I heard a strange sound and realized it was Olga's laughter. She twisted her head around to look at me.

"You are so cute, my passionate little Amazon warrior, my fierce woman!"

"Cute? You really think I'm cute? Well, maybe I can get you to change your tune, you arrogant bitch!"

We were both giggling madly. Yet I craved a return to the blind intensity of a moment ago, and struggled to put a hard, threatening tone into my voice.

"Just lean over," I said gruffly. "Lean back over like you were and don't even think about moving!" I gripped one of her breasts for emphasis, letting her know I could hurt her if her submission was not to my liking. Olga leaned over without a word and I jumped out of the shower.

I stood in the foyer outside the bathroom, strapping on my elegant silver dildo, admiring myself in the full-length mirror. When I got back in the shower, Olga was still in position; the surging water making a glittering nirvana of her skin. The sight of her bent over like that, every part of her willingly exposed and vulnerable, nearly brought me to tears. I began to stroke her and coo softly.

"Oh, you're such a good girl. I've got a surprise for you angel, a present for behaving so well. Now turn around and see what mama has."

"My lucky day," she said, staring at my "present."

"Could be. But first show me what a grateful girl you are. Get down on your knees."

Her eyes widened but she obeyed without a word while I held her arms to keep her from slipping.

"Now suck my cock." I had never said that to a woman before, and the sound of it was as delicious as it was coarse. "And make sure you suck it good, bitch."

It was strangely tantilizing to see her caress that long, unfeeling device with her mouth. With the water rushing down her face and hair, she looked like some love goddess of the rain forest. As she flicked her agile tongue over the tip, I longed to feel it the way a man does, just for a moment. Still, the image itself gave me considerable pleasure, and when I gently lifted her up to kiss me, my cunt was saturated.

I used the soap again to lubricate her pursed little asshole and lightly rubbed the tip of the dildo over it as Olga sharply drew in her breath. Telling her to breathe deeply, to relax and open up to me, I carefully inserted the smooth head. I watched the muscles of her back, gauging her readiness by the way they tensed and released. When Olga started moving her ass in wide, easy circles, I began my excruciatingly slow assault, first by millimeters, then inches. In the last moment I shoved it in to the hilt. Olga let out a slight cry, then several ragged breaths.

"All right, honey?"

She nodded and began to rock and sway against me. After a few moments trying to match her body's movements with my own, I fell into an easy rhythm. It didn't take long before both of us were

groaning and keening like two demented mourners.

"Oh, this is good, this is so good for me, Olga."

"Oh yes love," she sobbed.

All the while her long fingers groped at her streaming pussy, seeking release. I pushed them away.

"Not yet, baby," I hissed into her ear. "You come when I say so."

As our hunger approached the unbearable, I put my arms around her. With one hand I delved into her cunt while the other found her swollen, pulsing clitoris. The steaming air of the bathroom was alive with unearthly moans and sobs, while the sweat and water poured off our shuddering bodies. I began frantically whispering in her ear, telling her what a sweet whore she was, what a beautiful dripping cunt she had, what a tight little asshole.

"I like the way your ass looks when you shake it, Olga. I like the way your tits bounce."

"Good," she gasped. "Good good good."

"That's right, touch 'em for me. Squeeze those pretty nipples."

She was kneading her breasts roughly, pinching and rolling the impossibly taut points.

"I want you to come for me, girl. Come good for mama."

"Oh yes just fuck me! Please fuck me!"

I quickened the movements of my hips and hands, and in no time Olga's rhythmic undulations had become a furious bucking.

"Soon," she whimpered. "So close."

I tightened my grip on her for fear her frantic movements would send us both tumbling. Her cries gave way to a continuous, high-pitched wailing that went on and on. When I thought my knees would give out, Olga's stiffened and she let loose one long, sorrowful cry. She collapsed against me, her chin resting on her chest.

For a long time we stood like statues, enveloped in water, waiting for our heartbeats and breathing to grow peaceful. When I finally withdrew the dildo, Olga released a long, trembling, "Ahhhh."

"I want you to unstrap me, baby." Barely a whisper. She sighed as I turned her around. Her trembling hands, so deft before, fumbled with snaps and buckles until I was freed. She slipped into my arms shyly, like a child, and shook softly. Our tears mingled and streamed down our faces and arms and breasts as we stood swaying together in the shower. Δ

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ARIZONA'S MOST... *(from pg. 28)*

She threw me down, face first across the hood of my car, and handcuffed me. "You have the right to remain silent," she began, patting down my sides. Her hands slowly slid down my thighs. "Anything you say or do," she continued, rubbing my crotch, "can and will be used against you in a court of law..."

"Hey!" I flipped over onto my back and looked up at her in amazement. This wasn't a pat-down, it was a feel-out.

"You always said you liked a woman in uniform," she said, removing her mirrored sunglasses. It was my ex-lover, Linda.

"Holy shit," I whispered. I hadn't seen her in over a year. We had had one of those public sex/fantasy type relationships. Our last spectacle had taken place aboard a roller coaster at the Great America amusement park. A ride attendant had spotted Linda's hand in my pants as the train rolled down the tracks, and we were turned over to security and charged with indecent exposure. So much for family fun. We drifted apart after that, but seeing her now brought back that familiar wetness between my thighs.

"So what's with the handcuffs?" I asked, getting up off the hood.

"I didn't want my prisoner to escape," Linda said in a seductive tone, stepping forward. She pushed me back against the car putting her soft lips on mine, kissing me with a passion I had not yet found with another.

"You're coming with me," she whispered, leading me to her car. She opened the back door and shoved me inside, slamming it shut.

Linda hit the siren and lights and we raced down the highway. I was still handcuffed and being tossed back and forth in the seat.

"Where are you taking me?" I yelled over the siren.

Linda looked into her mirror and gave me a sly smile. Ask a stupid question.

I was led into the jail and down a row of empty cells. Linda pushed me into one of them and shut the door behind her. "Strip, prisoner!" she barked.

"Linda, what if..."

"Just do it!"

I yanked down my pants and threw them aside.

"Bend over!"

I reached down and grabbed my calves. Linda's hands smoothly caressed my backside, her tongue lightly flicking along the crack of my ass.

"I need to search for concealed weapons," she announced, fingering my cunt. Then two fingers went inside of me, gently probing and stroking. My legs were trembling with ecstasy.

Her hands slowly moved up and down the length of my bare legs, sending a chill up my spine and a yearning throb in my dying-to-be-fucked cunt. Linda lifted my shirt over my shoulders and ran her tongue along my back, pausing for an occasional nibble. She cupped my breasts in her hands and gently squeezed. This was the ultimate strip search.

"Please, officer," I whimpered, "sexually assault me."

"The prisoner will now lay on the cot and await further instructions," Linda ordered, pushing me onto the bare mattress. She stood over me and removed her gun belt, dropping it on the floor. She raised a boot. "Pull it off."

I yanked off first one boot, then the other.

"Now the pants."

I swallowed hard as I slowly pulled down the zipper. Her pants fell to her ankles. I grabbed her ass and pulled her to me. Linda shoved me back onto the mattress.

"Now, little Miss Lawbreaker, it's time for you to pay off your speeding ticket. Open your legs." She lay on top of me, pressing her cunt against mine.

She rubbed her cunt up and down along my clit. I pulled her closer. I wanted it harder. She yanked my hands away and threw them over my head, slapping the handcuffs back on. "You'll pay off your fine the way I want to give it to you," she hissed, taking a breast into her mouth.

I moaned deeply with each thrust of Linda's cunt, my clit swelling. "Fuck me harder," I gasped, while her tongue ran along the length of my neck as she pressed and ground herself against my clit.

Our sweat-covered bodies and wet cunts slid together. There was no holding back the intense orgasm that shook my entire body. I screamed in pleasure, releasing.

Linda gave me a few final thrusts then slowed down and we laid there, catching our breath.

"Well, what's the verdict?" I asked.

"Fine paid, case dismissed," Linda announced, unlocking the handcuffs.

I stood by my car and watched Linda drive off into the sunset. No addresses or phone numbers had been exchanged. It seemed better this way. Who knows where and when I'll ever run into her again.

But hey, if you're ever in Arizona... Δ

SEXPOINT *(continued from page 15)*

of the evening was an after-show invitation to participate in the photographic process that made the wonderful cuntographs. Several eager women came home with me that evening. And what an evening it was. I remember that first demonstration quite well.

I slip my arm around the waist of the lovely woman with the long black hair. She smiles. I turn off the lights except for the safe lights. I show her the darkroom setup. I decide that this might help her relax and trust me a little more.

At the table to our left are various trays with black & white photographic chemicals. The first tray contains a developer. The second tray stops the action of the developer. The last tray is the fixer. The photograph must remain in the fixer at least two minutes or the paper will turn black once the room lights are turned on. Finally the photograph goes into the wash, where it stays for several minutes in running water. Since I use resin coated photographic paper, I can take the washed photograph and dry it with a hair dryer. I explain to my friend that she will be able to take her cuntograph home with her this very evening. She turns to me and I can barely make out a broad smile on her face in the dim light. She informs me that she is ready. I can only imagine what she means. My excitement rises, for this will be the first time I've practiced this technique on someone other than myself. The thrill nearly takes my breath away.

The greatest part about this technique is the fact that you don't need to be a skilled photographer with fancy equipment. You don't even need a camera. For only a few dollars, anyone can turn their bathroom or kitchen into a darkroom and begin doing cuntographs. The chemicals and paper can be purchased at any camera store that stocks darkroom supplies. If you've never done this before, you might want to ask the salesperson what you need for setting up a black & white darkroom. But be careful—or they'll sell you things you don't need! Don't be talked into buying trays. You can use any plastic trays or pans you already own. The wash tray can simply be your sink. Be sure to buy resin coated paper. Resin coated paper comes in glossy or matte and is numbered for contrast. I prefer a high contrast paper. You can ask the salesperson, "Is this a high contrast paper?" and you'll sound like an expert. Remember to wash and dry your hands immediately after completing one cunto-

graph. It's necessary for your own safety, and also so the chemicals don't get mixed together.

My art admirer, who now stands so close to me in the dimly lit darkroom, begins to remove her garments. I feel a slight tingle run through my body and warm my sex. She slips off her slacks and asks me if she should remove her underwear as well. "Yes," I whisper. She removes her underwear and spreads her legs. "Ready," she says. I warn her that the cream might be a little cold at first. Then I dip my fingers into the cream and slowly stroke her thighs, pubic hair, and labia. She sighs. My own pussy is now hot and feverish and I can feel it getting moist and creamy. I spread the cream along her labia, trying not to begin the rhythmic stroking that my desire is tempting me toward. I force myself to stop. I reach over and open the box of photographic paper. I take one sheet out and close the box. Using the emulsion or shiny side of the paper, I press it against her body. If I used the wrong side of the paper, I'd have a blank white paper instead of a cuntograph. She sighs again as I move my hands across the paper to make sure that it touches her skin evenly all over.

After I remove the paper from her body, I lay it cream side up on my hand and turn on the room lights. My friend has her eyes closed. She is still moaning. I count to three slowly and then turn the room lights out again, exposing the paper. I slip the paper into the developer and watch the vulva appear.

I tell my friend that she can put her clothes back on. "What if the cuntograph doesn't turn out?" she asks. That's true, I agree. Maybe we should wait and see. She now has her arm around my waist as she watches the paper develop in the tray.

Once the image comes in clearly, I dip it into the fixer. While it's in the fixer, I rub off the cream that still clings to the paper. The cream must be rubbed off the photograph before the photograph reaches the wash bath. Of course, I rather like this part. I tell my companion how beautiful her cuntograph is as I rub the paper with one hand and her with the other. I don't remember how many cuntographs we did together.

Whenever I bring that evening to my mind, I feel a hot burning sensation begin between my legs and I squeeze my thighs uncontrollably as another thrill races through. Even more exciting is the thought of women everywhere rubbing cool cream between their warm thighs, creating their own cuntographs. Δ

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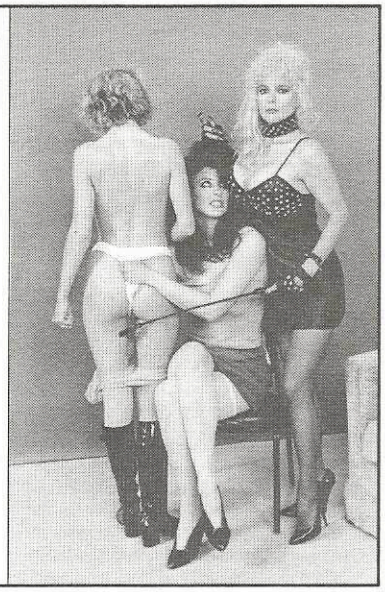

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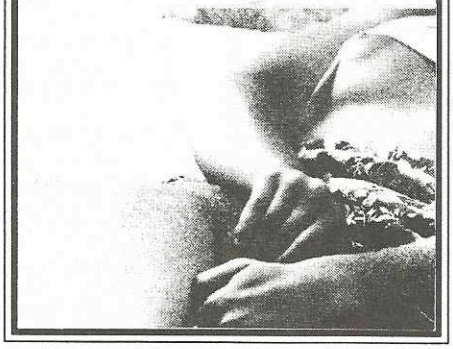

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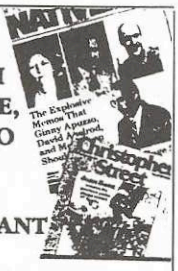

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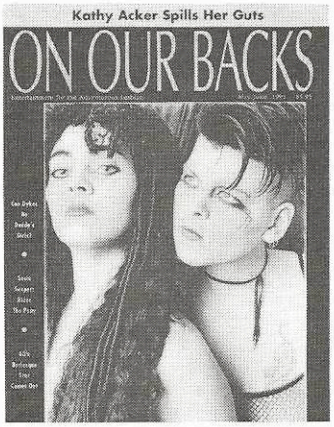

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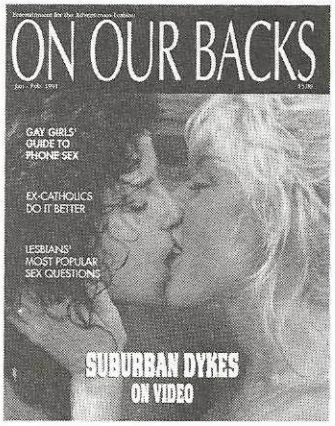
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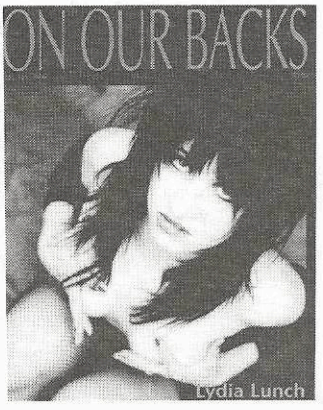

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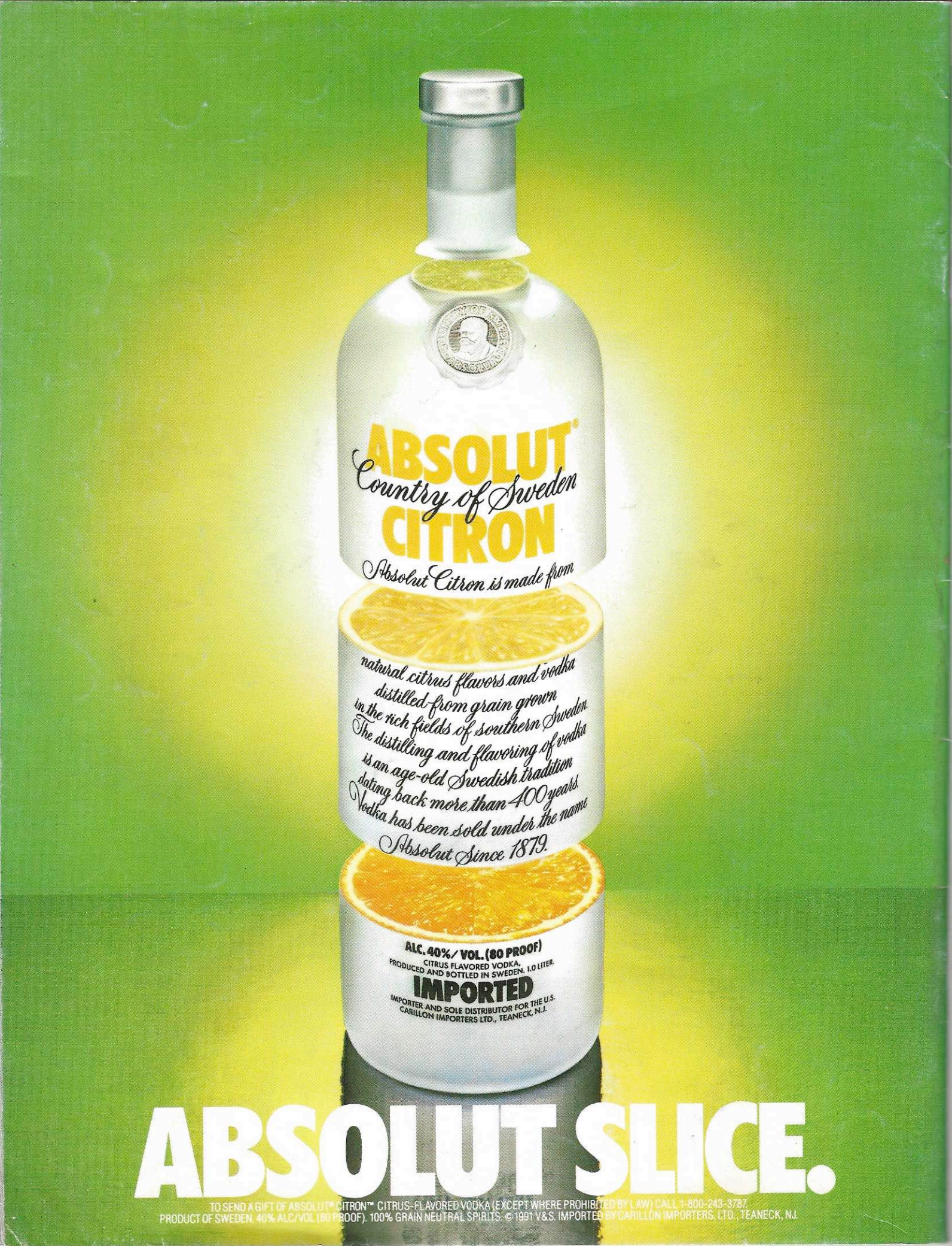
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